

**Australian**

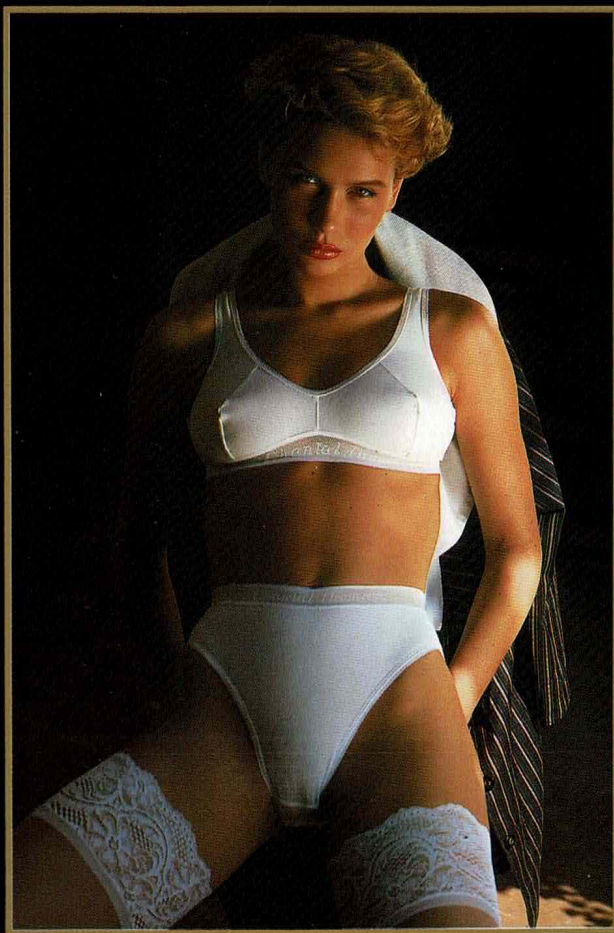
# PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

MARCH 1992

## BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



**RISKY BUSINESS**

CORPORATE CRIME FIGHTERS

**FIREMEN AT WORK**

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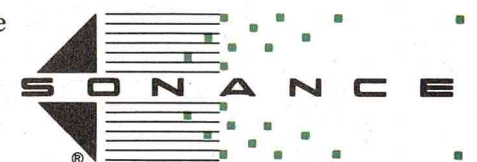


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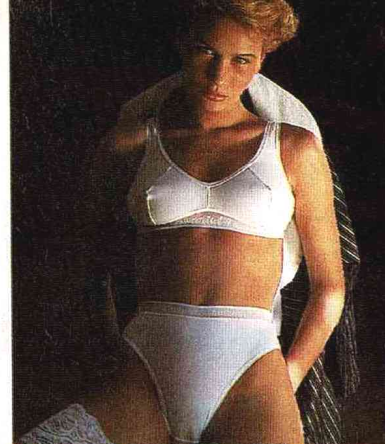


H I T E C T U R A L ■ A U D I O™



# Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine / Vol 13 No 3 / March 1992 Black Label Edition

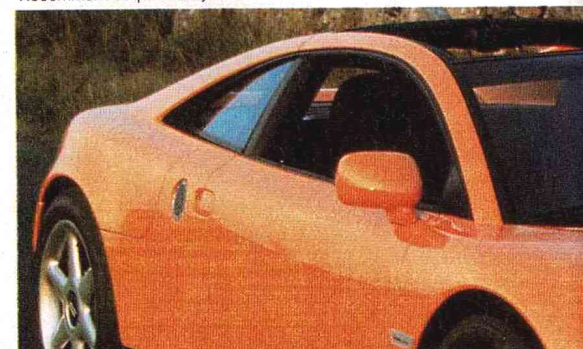


Cover by Michael Moore

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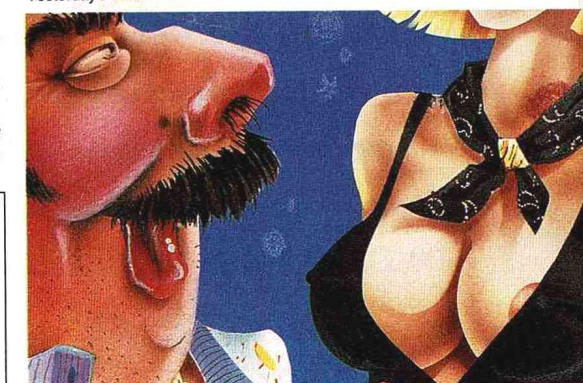
Audacious



Nbdy Crs



Yesterday's Hero



Psychology



BRETT STEVENS



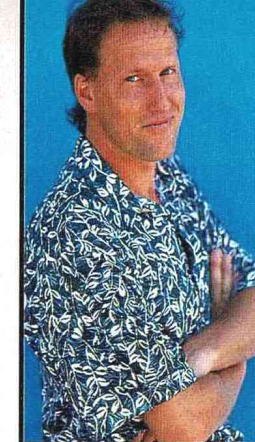
PETER MCKAY



NIGEL BUCHANAN



DOUG LOCKYER



ANDREW JACOBS

## housecall

### RISKY BUSINESS

Radical technological breakthroughs have taken industrial espionage and terrorism beyond a James Bond scriptwriter's wildest fantasy. Politicians, diplomats and corporate big guns have reason to be afraid, especially if working abroad. **Walter Glaser** found an American company that specialises in the latest hi-tech counter-espionage equipment — fax intercept units, laser surveillance systems, briefcase theft immobilisers and more. **Nigel Buchanan** created the illustration. Turn to page 26.

### FLASH POINT

The world of the fireman is a waiting one, punctuated by action, drama, suffering and death. But it's one that has been more or less ignored by the TV scriptwriters and the media. And few Australians know that NSW has one of the biggest fire departments in the world. **Brett Stevens** presents an explosive pictorial study of the men who know how to handle the heat, starting on page 34. **Andrew Jacobs** took the dramatic pictures.

### AUDACIOUS!

The Audi quattro Spyder made a very brief appearance at the last Frankfurt Motor Show before being locked away again. It's only a design study for a two-seater sports car, but there's a strong possibility that it might go into production a year or two up the track. Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** takes a look at a car that really tugs at the heartstrings.

### NBDY CRS

When Noakes the Aussie minder headed off to LA to bring home an itinerant porn poppet, he found himself in a well-oiled world of money, cynicism and violence. Even an encounter with the woman of his dreams had a hidden catch. Turn to page 50 for this gripping fiction by **John Baxter**, accompanied by an illustration by **Jonathan Bentley**.

### YESTERDAY'S HERO

Pat Cash's 1987 Wimbledon win was one of the great moments in Australian sport, an achievement which created an expectation of further victories from a demanding public. What has prevented the 26-year-old Cash from kicking on? And why is he now the subject of so much criticism from fellow players and the media? Tennis writer **Richard McKinnon** answers these questions in a searching profile of this enigmatic athlete on page 66. **Roger Gould** took the shots.

### PSYCARLOGY

You can tell more than you think about a person from the car they drive. Everybody knows about Volvo drivers, but what about the 4WD handyman or the thickset bloke in the chunky gold jewellery leaning against his black Porsche? Or the bimbo on the bonnet of the racy little white Nissan? On page 81, **Robert English** embarks on a spin through the psyches of some local motoring maniacs, accompanied by **Doug Lockyer's** illustrations.

MARCH



EDITOR  
Phil Abraham

### EDITORIAL

Art Director: Tim Donnellan; Senior Editor: Corinne Mackay; Copy Editors: Trish Murphy, Todd Cole; Assistant Art Directors: Nikki Brady, Duncan Colvin; Production Controller: Brett Fuller; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Promotions Manager: Belinda Blake; Contributing Editors: Paul R. Wilson, Jeremy Cook, Al Goldstein; Type Services: Docupro.

### ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; National Sales Manager: Sarah Bowring; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic: Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; SA: Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142, Fax: (08) 272 8302; Qld: Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6444 Fax: (07) 202 7133; New Zealand: David Meyer, Rugby Press Ltd, PO Box 100-243, North Shore Mail Centre, Auckland 10. Tel: (09) 443 0250. Fax: (09) 443 0249; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 3666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKU).

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Bob Guccione (Chairman and Chief Executive Officer); Kathy Keeton (Vice-Chairman); David J. Myerson (President and Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); William F. Marlieb (President, Marketing & Adv. Sales); John Evans (President/Foreign Editions).

### EDITORIAL

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### ADMINISTRATIVE

Sr VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Sr VP/Production Director: John Evans; Sr VP Associate Publisher: Don Myrus; Foreign Editions Manager: Michael Stevens.

### EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. West Coast: 6728 Eton Ave, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. Tel. (818) 992-4777.

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# feedback

## Helping the kids

Your article in the November 1991 issue, "Child's Play", was timely indeed, preceding, as it did the *Sun-Herald's* "Sydney Shame."

I do commend you on that article. It was, in my opinion, less of the bravura and more of the balanced in reporting. It certainly lost none of the horror in the telling. If anything the hopelessness was even more starkly illustrated.

The truth, I believe, is that somehow society has lost its ability to care. Not in the general way, but in the specific. We have gone so far along a meaningless path of selfish materialism that caring for our children, in mind and spirit, is somehow beyond us and we abrogate the responsibility in favor of others.

So we look appalled and write indignant letters berating others for not doing something that was our responsibility in the first place.

Well here is a chance to do something. And we don't even have to come too close to the problem. We can ensure that the Sydney City Mission gets to keep Tallong — a wilderness program for street kids — going. — *Brett Casben, Campbelltown, NSW*

## Absolute ripper

Congratulations on your December 1991 issue. It was packed with good stories and hot-hot-hot women. My wife and I nearly ripped up the mag — I was trying to get a decent look at luscious Lucy, the centrefold, while the trouble-and-strife was keen to get her eyes on the boys in the "Movie Muscle" story. She also didn't mind the bloke in the couples pictorial (she's standing over me now to make sure I tell you that!).

Once I had my mag back to myself, I also enjoyed the "Hate Crimes" piece and the story by John Birmingham on Happy-clappy Carter. Keep on exposing the slimebags — they deserve it. Thanks for a great mag. keep it coming. — *Jake, Dee Why, NSW*

## Predators

Wayne Miles has done it again. His story in the January 1992 *Australian Penthouse* about wild-life smuggling was great. It's about time these criminals — the worst



Lucy Gresty — luscious

sort — were stopped. Penalties for wildlife poaching and smuggling should be much higher, really a deterrent. Then maybe overseas predators will learn to leave our wildlife alone. — *Name and address withheld*

## Simply the best

The stunning Jody Boyce (September 1991) has really done wonders for *Australian Penthouse*! What a treat to see such a lovely brunette with such natural beauty. My mates and myself vote Jody number one *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. Congratulations, Jody, we can't wait to see more of you. We love you and are right behind you all the way. Yeh! — *Danny Shore and friends, Qld*

You can see more of Jody in our April edition when she appears in our "Postcards From The Gold Coast" pictorial. — *Ed*

## Lizards, etc

No wonder some journalists are known as "the gutter press" — I refer to words by John Birmingham in an article entitled "Fallen Angel" in the December 1991 edition of *Penthouse*. I quote: "The best thing about being a reptile of the press is that you get to act like one. When Howard

Carter took a dive, I knew I had to get in for my own cheap shot. I was down on the guy. Nothing specific, just general principle, really."

There were many more parts of this story which I felt portrayed John Birmingham as a heartless, cruel and arrogant person. — *N.G. Sander, Qld*

## Bull dust

Not all your readers are city-based yuppies. Some of us are farmers, which makes it all the more obvious to us when your writers and artists use references which are utterly absurd and an insult to the intelligence of informed readers. Witness these two examples:

- June '91 Black Label, Page 36, cartoon. A bull's penis, when erect, protrudes from the sheath which is halfway along the belly, not near the scrotum.

- October '91 Black Label, pictorial "Cowhand's Carnival," quote: "hornier than a springtime steer" — a steer is a young castrated male.

The generally high-level of journalism in your publication makes these mistakes all the more noticeable. — *Name and address withheld*

## Colors and creeds

I am writing to congratulate you on your fine *Penthouse* production. I particularly enjoyed your July edition which featured Ms Candice Jamieson. No doubt other readers of *Penthouse* would agree with my plea for you to publish more pictorials featuring black and Asian ladies. In our multi-cultural country I am sure there would be many such ladies who would be keen to participate in your magazine.

A pictorial featuring an Australian Aboriginal is long overdue, I believe. Keep up the good work and here's to beautiful ladies of all colors and creeds. — *Name and address withheld*

## Happy Harley

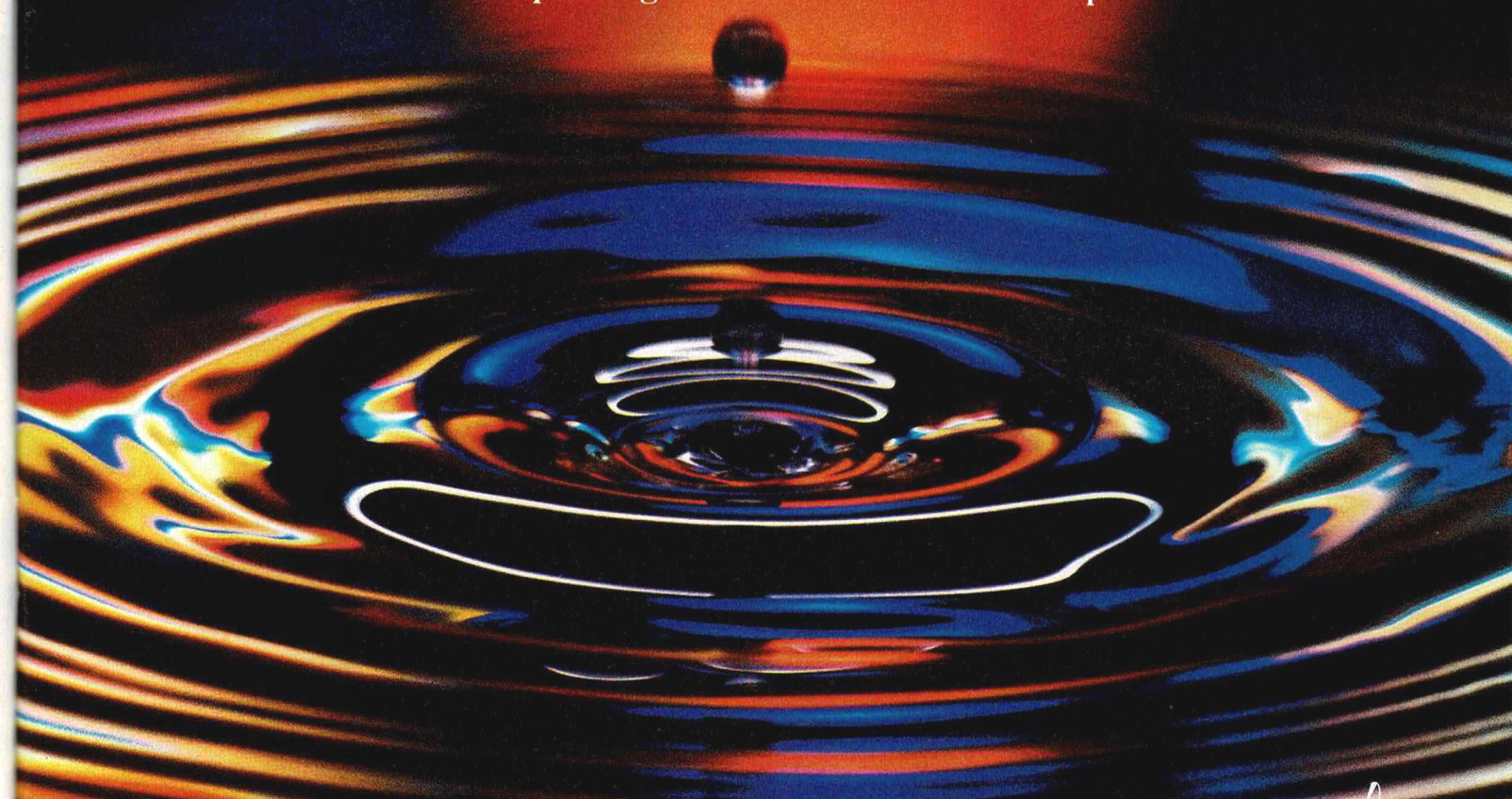
Thanks for your article on the Harley-Davidson Softail. It's a classic machine, a work of art. I couldn't stop looking at it (and lusting after it). What about a full-on feature on classic bikes? I mean, does anybody remember the Triumph Tiger? — *Name and address withheld*

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## Double delight

I am writing to tell you about an experience I had a few years ago which I thought your readers might enjoy. I was still a teenager when I met a girl, Josie, at a party. We got on so well together, talking and having a few drinks and the odd smoke, that she invited me to move in with her. As I was still living at home at the time, I had no hesitation in taking her up on her offer.

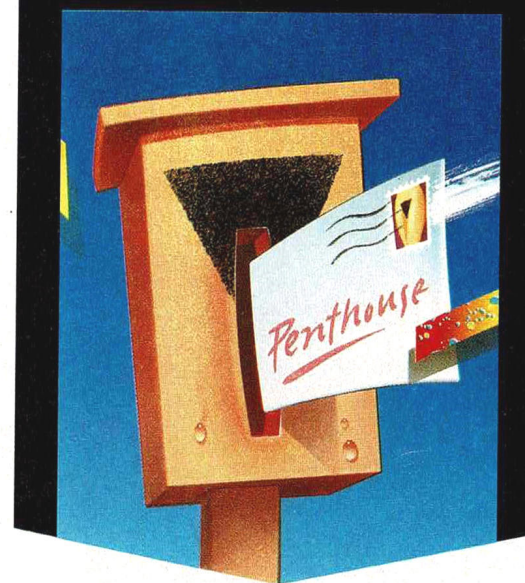
Next morning Mum drove me around to the flat with some food and my clothes in a big box. Josie and two other girls came running out to help me move in. Mum just gave me a mysterious smile then drove off. Up in the flat Josie introduced me to her flatmates, Donna and Sue. They were all nurses and all happy to have me move in.

After a bit of small talk in the arvo, Sue had to go off to work, leaving me alone with Josie and Donna. I wanted to get to know Josie a bit better, but after a couple of bourbons all three of us were talking like old mates.

The girls went off into a bedroom while I listened to some music and finished my drink. Josie came out after a while with a curious smile and sat down next to me and started snuggling up to me. I assumed Donna had gone to bed, so I was returning Josie's deep, wet kisses and nibbling her neck and ears. She felt my crotch, which was straining at the denim, and suggested we retire to the bedroom to really get acquainted.

Well that was fine by me, so off we went, she with her hand groping down the front of my pants and me with a good handful of her firm arse. My mind was racing with what lay ahead for me with Josie, but when we got into the bedroom my eyes nearly popped out of my head! There was Donna in a very transparent nightie which was not doing a very good job of keeping her rockmelon-sized tits covered. One nipple the size and color of a hazelnut was peeping out at me.

I quickly looked up from her to Josie and they were grinning like two cats who were going to get creamed. Well, I didn't need any more encouragement, so while



## forum

the girls sat up in bed (Josie had now stripped down to a red half-cup bra, knickers and grey stockings) I treated them to a slow, tantalising striptease. Button by button I opened the front of my shirt, almost exposing my hairy chest and nipples, but I turned my back on the audience and slipped the garment slowly down over each shoulder in turn. Finally I let the garment slide down my tanned back and on to the floor.

To an accompaniment of slow handclaps from my viewers, and with a growing sense of bravado, I crossed my arms over my chest and turned to face them, letting my hair fall over my face. I remained motionless until Josie called out: "Show us your tits!" So, smiling, I slowly brought my arms out of my sides then raised them until they were fully stretched above my head.

Standing there, looking at the ceiling, I felt a hand on my Levis undoing the buttons of the fly. As Donna's hands tried to dive inside my undies, I stopped them with a slap and a shake of my finger. Putting my hands behind my head, I took a deep breath and started twisting my hips, the result being that my jeans slid down my legs. By the time I had them off, Josie and Donna were squirming and pleading with me to get into bed. I turned my back to them and pulled my jocks into the crack of my bum like a G-string, then

bent over and slowly pulled them down over my arse. Stepping out of them, but holding my bursting cock down between my legs, I turned to them, asking if they wanted to see it all.

"Yes," they called out in unison, so I threw my arms apart and jumped on to my knees on the bed, where my rampant organ was immediately set upon by two of the wettest, most-willing mouths I have had the pleasure to meet. They took turns licking up and down my glistening shaft, fondling my balls and sucking my pole. As Josie's head was bobbing up and down, Donna turned around and presented her pouting pussy to me. Her juices were running down her legs as I slowly rubbed her labia and

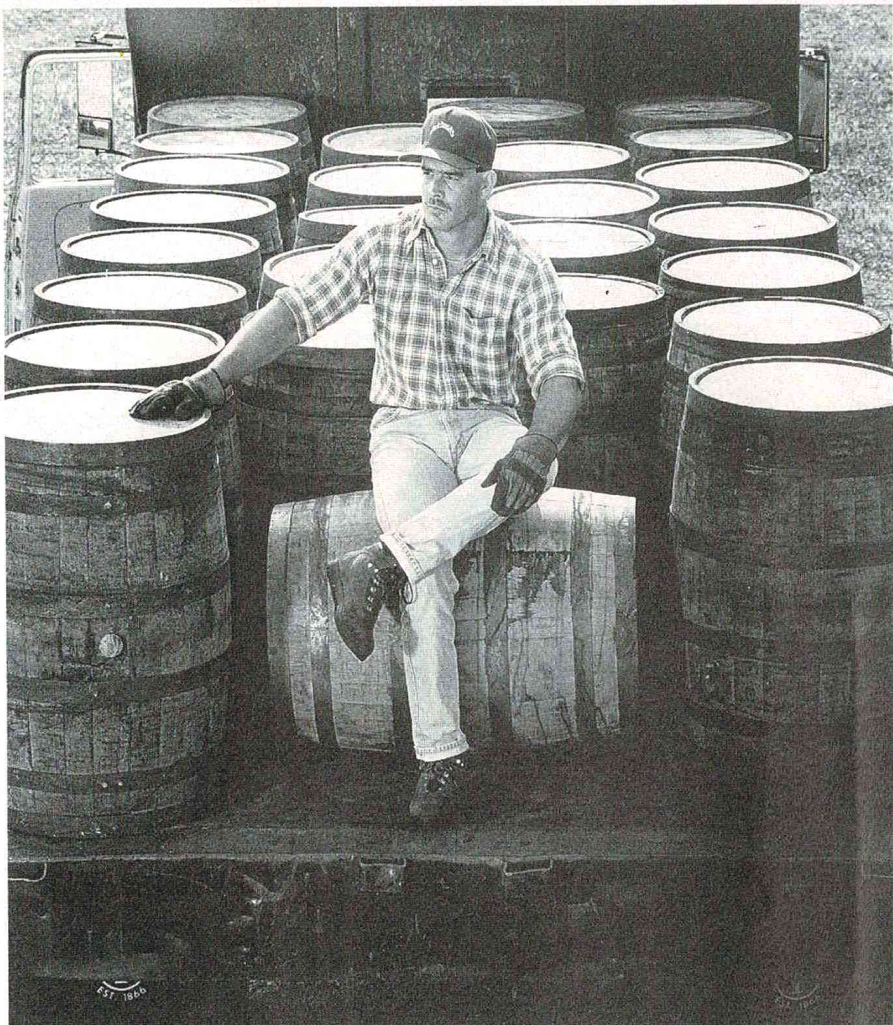
clit, then inserted one, then two, then three fingers into her feminine mystery.

My nuts were approaching critical mass by this time, which Josie must have sensed, as she really gobbled my rod and milked my balls with her long fingers. She suddenly took my cock out of her mouth and with a few quick strokes, aimed my swollen, purple head at her breasts, telling me to come all over her.

I obliged, spraying spunk over her face, hair, bra and heaving breasts, which she rubbed in with one hand while the other one milked the last few drops from me. As I had ceased fingering Donna, she was on to Josie in a flash, licking my come off her skin.

Drained, I fell on the bed, hoping for a bit of a rest, but they had other ideas. Josie pulled my hands to her boobs and unclipped her soaked bra, revealing two firm handfuls of magnificent tits. She leant back with her arms supporting her while I kneaded and caressed each beautiful breast in turn. Her small, reddish-brown nipples firmed up quickly beneath my ministrations. Meanwhile Donna was lowering her exquisite genitalia on to my face for some oral attention while she began masturbating my cock back to life. It was difficult keeping my concentration with those two. Here I was, fingering Josie while she played with her tits, and trying to give Donna the attention her cunt was





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## forum

demanding, while getting a superb handjob at the same time!

Josie leaned over and picked up a shiny silver vibrator. She turned it on and ran it over her nipples until I thought they were going to burst, they were so big and erect. She then ran it down to her sex, running it through her sparse pubic hair, over her vaginal lips, finally inserting the tip into her love canal.

She put my hand on the end of the weapon and told me to fuck her with it. Slowly I pushed the buzzing-bullet into her, using it like I wanted to use my cock on her: a little deeper each time, a little faster each thrust. She began moaning obscenities as she urged me to go faster, deeper, harder.

Donna removed her furry, wet slit from my face, but only long enough to stick my re-hardened organ straight into her — impaling herself on to me and grinding her pubes into mine. Her vaginal muscles gripped my shaft, rippling up and down as if she were trying to milk me. Josie was now lying back, playing with her clit in a frenzy while I continued pumping the silver shaft in and out of her. With a drenched pussy and moaning and whimpering she gasped out: "I'm coming! Pump it into me."

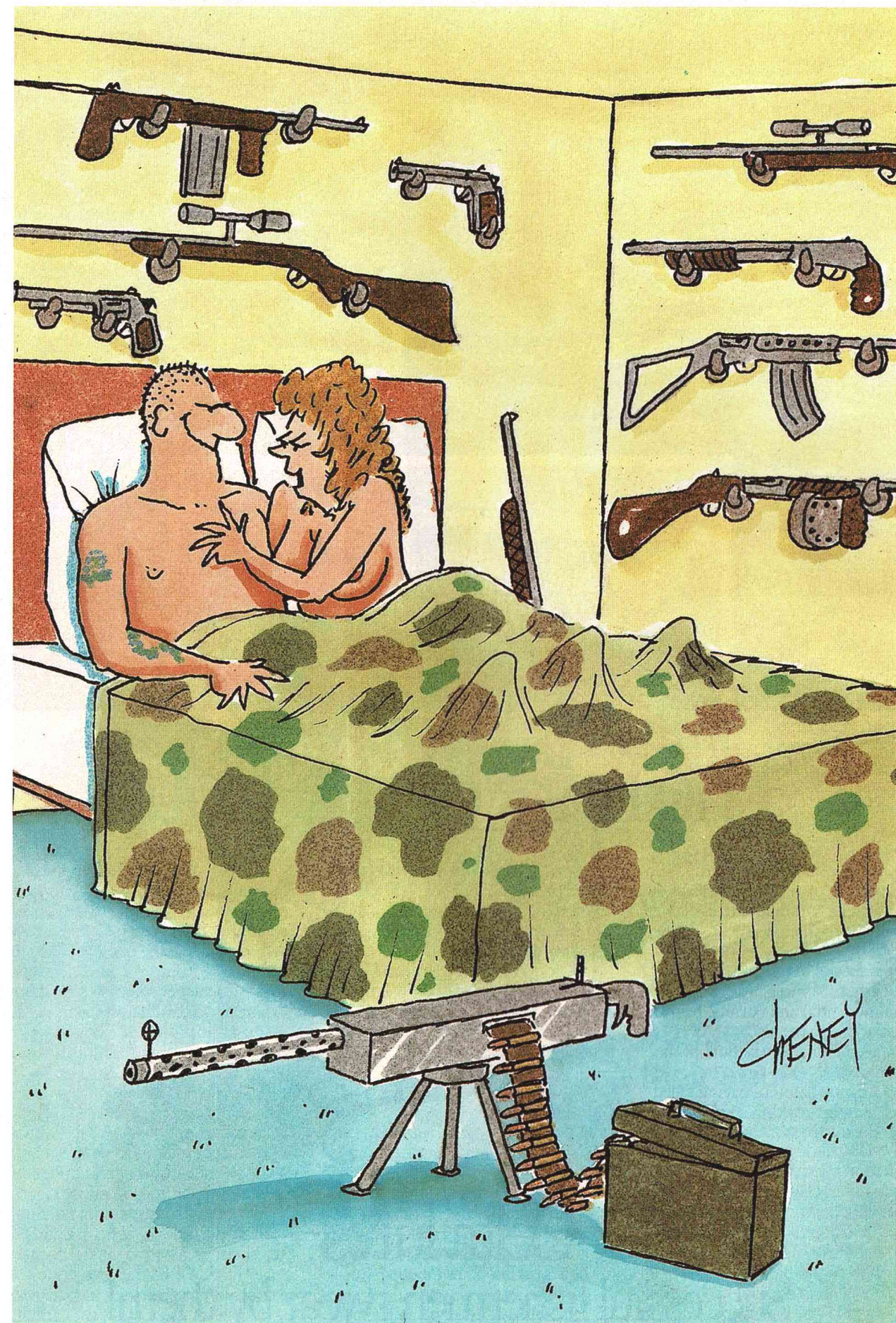
She was taking the whirring-toy virtually all the way up her cunt while bucking and writhing with pleasure. Donna was now moving like a blur on my sex missile, slamming herself down and grinding her love-button on to my pelvic bone, bringing herself to a shattering orgasm. Panting, she climbed off and lay back, while I took the vibrator from Josie's luscious hole and replaced it with my hard, lubricated tool.

She spread her legs wide apart and put them on my shoulders. I fucked her as hard and fast as I could, nearly withdrawing, then slamming home, with my balls slapping against her saturated flesh. Our groans were increasing together and building in tempo, but Josie managed to pant out: "Give it all to me, fill me with your come!" Well, if I thought I had any control left, that destroyed it and with a very few more thrusting strokes I obliged, showering her sex-tube with my jism while she screamed and nearly tore my head off with her legs as she was overcome by a huge orgasm.

As we calmed down, looking into each other's eyes, I kept gently pumping my cock into her, bringing on one last, soft wave of pleasure. She unwrapped her legs from my head and we rolled over, still entwined, her cunt not wanting to let me go out.

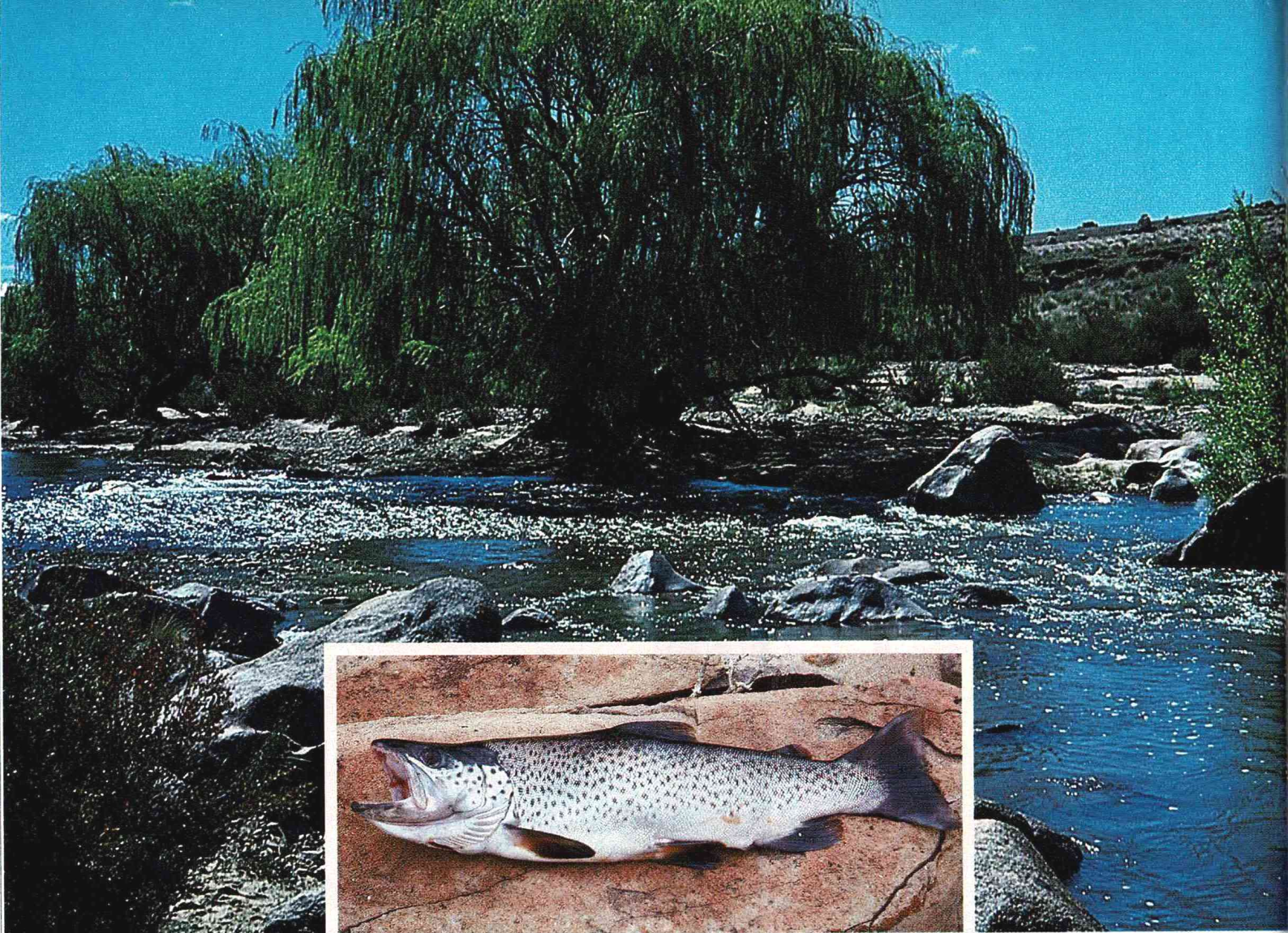
Donna cuddled up to my back, pressing her mounds into me. With both of them kissing me and touching me I felt

Continued on page 120



"I especially enjoyed it when you went full-auto."





# The Lure of the Trout

Trout, introduced from Europe and North America, are now firmly established in Australia. The salmonids in this country are actually from three distinct scientific genera.

Three species of the one genus are Rainbow Trout (*Salmo gairdneri*), Brown Trout (*Salmo trutta*) and Atlantic Salmon (*Salmo salar*), with the Brown and Rainbow accounting for the bulk of the fish by far.

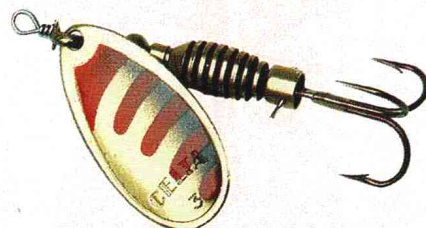
The Atlantic Salmon, having failed earlier releases, are making a limited recovery. Brook Trout (*Salvelinus*

*fontinalis*), despite repeated attempts to acclimatise, have not adapted well in Australia. Quinnet (Chinook) Salmon (*Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*), are confined to a few suitable lakes in Victoria.

Trout are captured by many methods, including natural baits, fly fishing, lure spinning from the bank or boat, and

trolling. Whatever the means of capture, trout fishing is an exciting fishing experience. Speaking of experience, wise anglers have proven Celta lures to be invaluable in the quest for even the most cunning trout.

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## HIGH STAKES

Risk — the art of putting it all on the line

**G**ordon Gekko got it wrong. It was in that scene in Oliver Stone's 1989 film, *Wall Street*. Gekko, the sleek, amoral corporate raider played by Michael Douglas, rose to address an auditorium full of restive shareholders at the annual general meeting of his latest take-over target.

Taking the floor like an oily game-

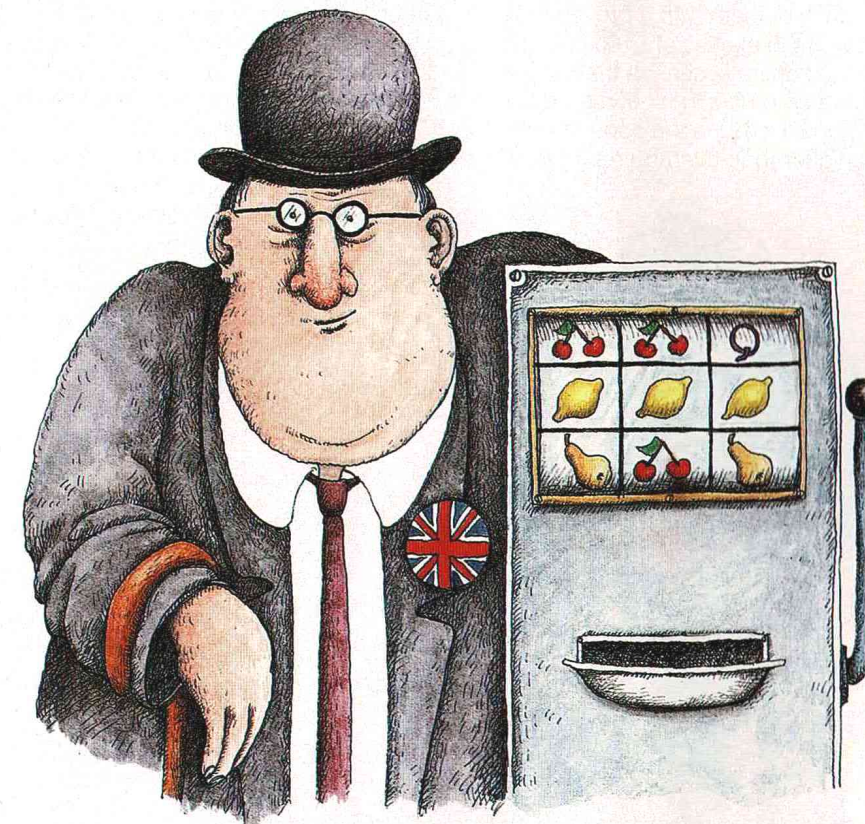
other malfunctioning corporation called the USA."

Gekko made it sound as reverent as a prayer. And in that brief moment when the on-screen audience cheered his dismissal of such outmoded conventions as prudence and honesty in business, the heartless pragmatism nurtured in the real world of Ronald Reagan

they might have harbored about the fortunes they had plundered on trading floors and currency exchanges and the power they had gained in bloody, internecine boardroom skirmishes could now be cast off. For a short while, as the film's glossy surface skated around the public's consciousness, Gekko's mantra-like monologue almost purified their souls. Greed was good, greed was right. And even if it wasn't, greed was glamorous.

But Gordon Gekko got it wrong.

Ask any of the biggest investors, even those whom the law caught up with as the decade closed and who were convicted of everything from insider trading and stock fraud to outright theft. Greed is not good; greed is not even practical. Because greed interferes with the one thing the game is all about —



**"Gekko's mantra-like monologue almost purified their souls."**

show host, he fixed the crowd with the sly gaze of a mongoose as he reached for the words that were to become the best remembered epitaph for the ruthless Eighties: "Greed is good. Greed is right. Greed works. Greed clarifies, cuts through and captures the evolutionary spirit. Greed in all its forms — greed for life, for money, for love, knowledge — has marked the upward surge of mankind. Greed, you mark my words, will not only save Telodar Paper but that

and Margaret Thatcher reached its apotheosis.

Missing the ironies of Oliver Stone's script, the as-yet-unvanquished gladiators of the banking, broking and real estate empires of Manhattan and London — the young and unembarrassed New Rich who really did imagine themselves as those "masters of the Universe" so deftly parodied in Tom Wolfe's best-selling novel, *Bonfire of the Vanities* — sighed with relief. What vestiges of guilt

risk. Risk is the visceral thrill of it all, the raw edge of anticipation and fear that drives everybody from one hugely leveraged deal to the next. Greed has a nasty habit of getting in the way of good judgement, upsetting the delicate tolerance of the odds. And while paper worth hundreds of millions of dollars, pounds, marks and yen changes hands every day, few think of it in terms of actual money; like chips in a high-stakes poker game, the unimaginable numbers are just a

Illustrations by Drahos Zak



way of of keeping score.

Whatever their motives, risk-takers and high-rollers have always managed to capture the American popular imagination. Like the gunplay and violence which has woven itself into the fabric of urban life there, and which one observer described recently as being "as American as apple pie", it's a

## "Opportunity may knock, but it seldom nags."

throwback to frontier days when the country was opened up by gold rushes and land grabs and hard men who, in that unregulated era, undoubtedly regarded *their* greed as being good for the country. They made their fortunes out of speculative stakes in railroads, mining and large tracts of back-country land.

Lesser fortunes were made at card tables in sawdust saloons and private salons and itinerant gamblers began to acquire the near-mythic notoriety once reserved for gunslingers. Before long, their raffish style was being adopted by the city-bound scions of business families, who, while decrying in public the loose morals and Godlessness of betting men, had a not-so-sneaking regard for anyone who had the nerve to risk everything on the turn of a card or two.

Playing poker became a back-room pastime, a rite of passage among well-to-do young men. The lessons they learned around a card table — bluffing, playing the odds, showing nothing, no matter how good the hand — along with the very language of the game, began insinuating themselves into American business and politics, of which they are still, for better or worse, a part.

Yet it is the English who possibly have a better understanding of the

sympiotic relationship between gambling and business. From the days when Queen Elizabeth I invested in the far-flung, perilous and politically volatile adventures of privateers such as Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake, the allure of risk has been irresistible to London's smart money, establishing the capital as a centre for worldwide banking and insurance.

Today, not even Las Vegas gaming tables can match the no-limit action at Lloyd's of London, where over 20,000 investors, discreetly referred to as "names", each of them with a proven net worth in excess of £100,000, put their entire assets on the line to dance on the brink of a precipitous "down side" in the hope of getting a higher-than-average return from the



premiums of "big ticket" insurance policies.

But in England, risk-taking is a matter of social position, something indulged in only by the wealthy or the credit-worthy aristocracy. The middle class pays off second

mortgages while working people have a flutter on horses or dogs, buy a weekly pools ticket or play bingo, and, on the whole, avoid losing more than they can afford.

But the essence of gambling, of real risk, isn't about anything as ephemeral as a flutter; the stake has to be big enough for the outcome to cause gut-wrenching palpitations — and for a loss to hurt badly. One of England's best known gamblers, John Aspinall, has often described the high-stakes player as having traits similar to those of a Kipling-esque Victorian English gentleman: an inscrutable uprightness of bearing no matter how badly things are going, a rigid sense of honor and fair play, and above all, an implacable will to win.

Nowhere is the whiff of testosterone stronger than in Las Vegas, Nevada. It took a neurotic, sexually regressed recluse, Howard

Hughes, and a womanising Jewish racketeer, Bugsy Siegel, to imagine this arid, rock-strewn valley in the middle of the empty Mojave Desert as a glittering, neon-lit oasis of

Continued on page 87



# Better tasting bitter.



# instead.



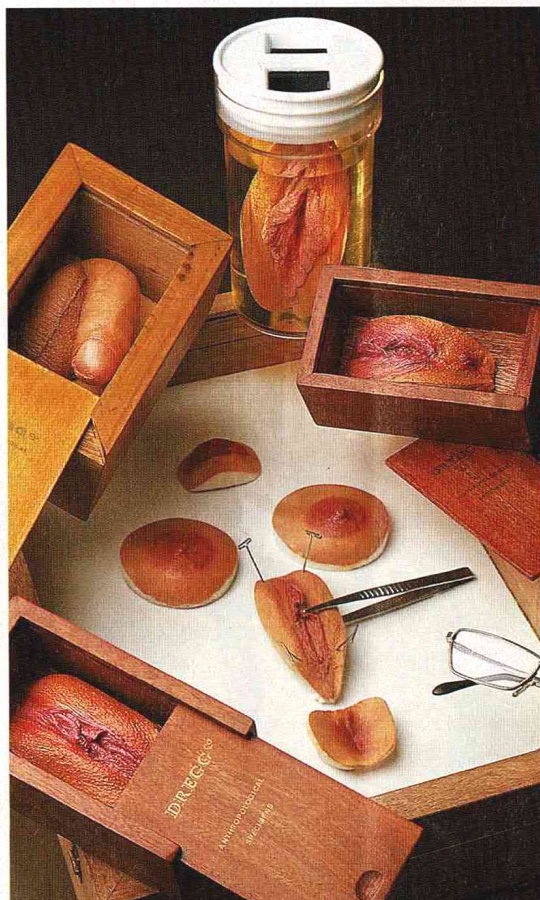
## NEXUS EROTICA

## Art goes over the top

One would hardly expect an artist as provocative as Edward Dregg to work out of the conservative state of Queensland. Dregg, a commission artist whose Sunshine Coast studios produce pieces that range from architectural sculptures to "customised mannequins", has just created a series of erotic pieces due to go on display in leading capital city galleries which are bound to create a storm of controversy.

Born in Birmingham in 1948, the son of a pugilist and a pianist, Edward Dregg is widely travelled and familiar with many cultures. After burning out in San Francisco during the 1969 Summer Of Love, he came to the relative safety and sanity of Australia.

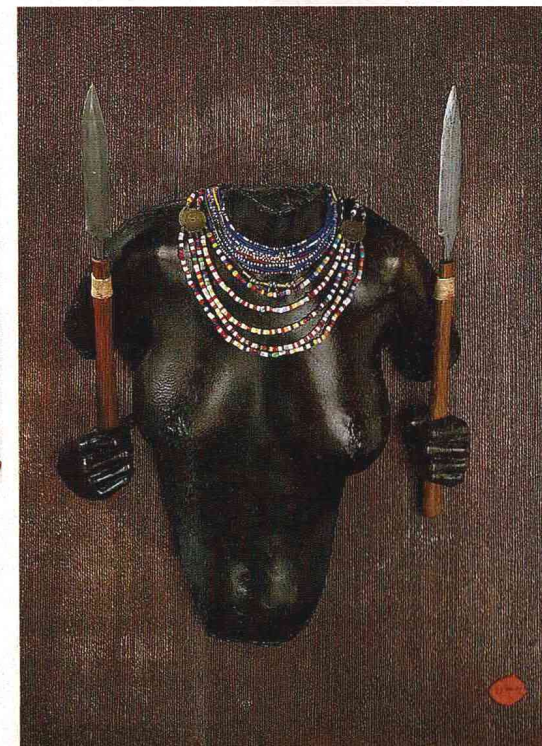
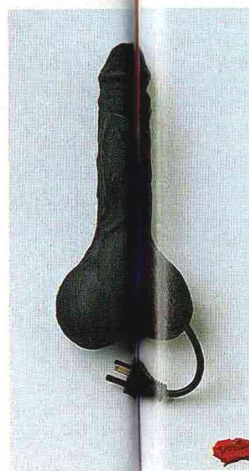
There is certainly nothing abstract about the sculptures of Edward Dregg. He claims that they "use the erotic to demystify and examine sexual urges, concretizing the exotic for the public at large."



## WENTI

Wenti was born in the Sudan and when orphaned was adopted by a missionary. Unusual height and powerful physiques are a hallmark of her people — Wenti was no exception. It was almost inevitable that because of her awesome, exotic beauty she would become a model. That she is often portrayed adorned with skins is a constant source of amusement to her. "After all," she says, "everyone knows that there are no tigers in Africa."

When speaking of her fantasies, she confessed that she had always been intrigued by the legends concerning the size of the African warrior's penis.



"Some are amusing," says Dregg, "for if life has a joke to tell us, then surely orgasm is the punchline."

Having decided to explore the sensual, sexual and erotic in life, Dregg chose life sculptures as his medium. He selected six subjects and they withdrew to his Queensland bush studio. Once removed from the day-to-day world, the seven began to plumb the depths of their collective psyches and create portraits of their lives.

This double page spread presents some of the recent work of Edward Dregg.

"Nexus Erotica" comprises 25 sculptures with accompanying text.

"The collection portrays the sexual aspects of the lives of five young women and a young transsexual," says Dregg. "Each is from a different country. For each subject there is a portrait, two sculptures that depict aspects of their sex lives and one that depicts their personal fantasy."

## MAE-LIN

Mae-Lin was born in Shen Zhen, China in 1968 and with her brothers and sisters led a frugal existence. She grew up to become a beautiful young woman who had a plan. She knew how to escape her impoverished reality, where her fortunes lay and how to make use of them. Her desires and fantasies were within her grasp.

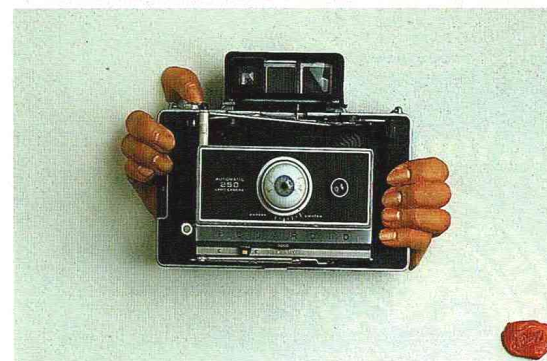


## MAXINE

Maxine was born in Paris in 1965. Her mother was a noted avant-garde artist, her father a *grand chef de cuisine*. She was tutored at some of the finest schools in France.

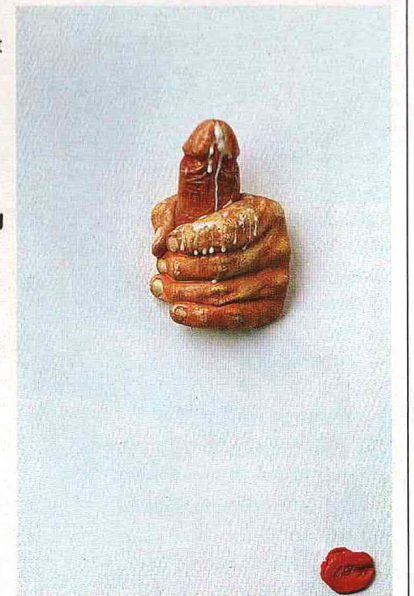
At the age of 16 she eloped with one of her teachers. Together they launched an exclusive restaurant where their erotic gourmet menus became legendary. When she was prematurely widowed, she chose to devote herself to photographic art.

As a young girl she had learnt what it was that excited men — she loved to shock and surprise.



## AND DREGG?

He confessed that he had a confused libido, a perverted virility. He was a hypochondriac who worried about the failure of his hearing and sight, but this was the only way he could cope.





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D R I N K

FRONT

## Flying High

Tips on choosing wines in-flight

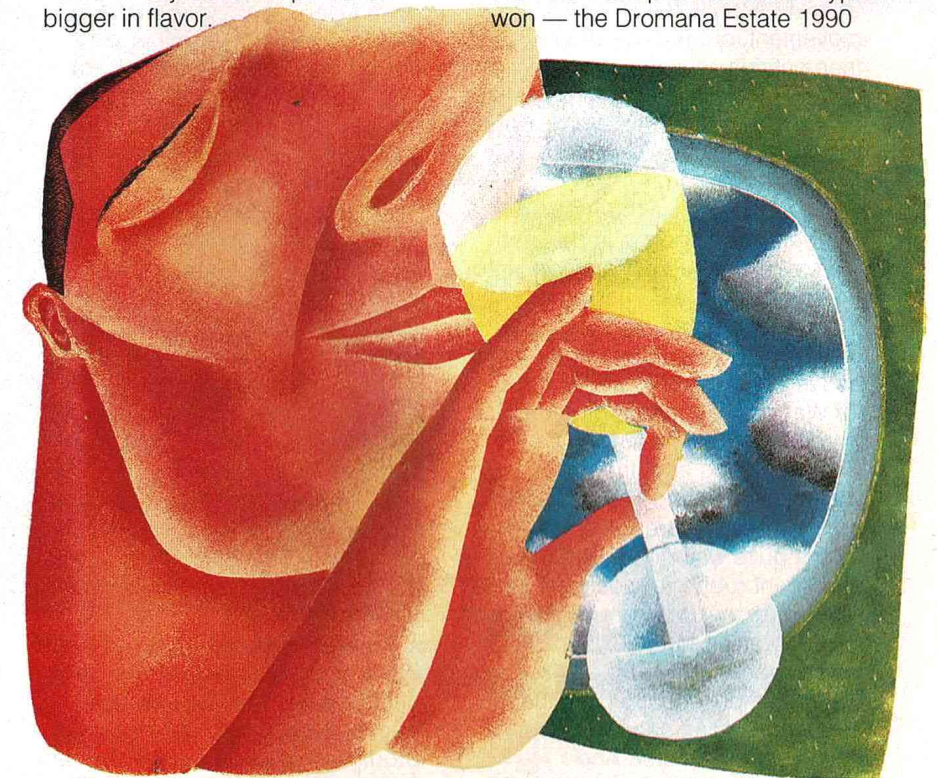
In the bad old days of regulated airline policy, ten percent of the population accounted for 90 percent of bums on plane seats. With the opening of the skies and fare prices so competitive that airlines are cutting their own throats, the non-executive segment of the population is finally getting the chance to be held captive by "requests" from the captain that they should keep their seat belts fastened at all times. Plenty of time and leisure to think about why wines don't taste the same in the air as they do on the ground.

Take champagne. I never do, at least not in mid-air. I used to think it was those daggy, short, cheap glasses airlines use to minimise spillage that made even the most exquisite French number taste metallic. Not so. Your favorite champagne actually has fewer bubbles when it gets up, up and away. It's because of the air pressure in the cabin.

This problem remained obscure until I received an invitation from the French airline UTA to be a member of a panel for an exclusive mid-flight tasting to select the first Australian wines to make it on to the flight deck of the French carrier. Okay, it wasn't that exclusive, we had to sit amid a planeload of dishevelled, jet-lagged French

turbulence, vibration and pressurisation.

White wines stand up best to the atmospheric onslaught of an airline cabin. Don't waste too much time getting into the free grog. The closer to take off the wine is served the more it tastes like its on-ground self. But if the flight attendants are slow on the bar round or you fall asleep for the first of those once-too-often meals, always choose a more flavorful wine mid-air than you would in the privacy of your own home — say about 10 percent bigger in flavor.



**"White wines best resist the atmospheric onslaught of an airline cabin."**

public servants en route for another shitty stint in paradise in Noumea.

The point of the exercise was to determine why wines taste different at high altitudes — and believe me, they do. The culprits aren't hard to find — dehydration, in-flight noise,

the Sydney-Noumea run? The reds were big on flavor — a smooth, fruity 1987 Lindeman's Limestone Ridge and the 1988 Wynns Cabernet Hermitage, a fruity, low-tannin, elegant wine. Lindemans Pyrus got a lot of votes because of its unctuous fruitiness which seemed very appealing among the clouds, but the Aussies of the panel were overruled by two visiting Frenchmen.

A squad of four chardonnays was presented for appraisal. Again, the vote was split. Two leaner types won — the Dromana Estate 1990

The truth is that whatever the color, all wines are numbed in transit. So-called experts in the field put this down to the fact that air-conditioning replaces the air content of the plane every two minutes. Aromas and bouquets, the major guns in wine enjoyment, are whipped right out of your nose. On long-haul flights, it's you rather than the wine that gets put through the wringer, thanks to low humidity, less oxygen and lower air pressure. After a 24-hour flight, even the greatest connoisseur couldn't give a flying fuck about nuances in wine.

Well just what did we pick to grace UTA's First Class cabin on

Chardonnay and Orlando Gramps 1989 Chardonnay. One of the other contenders, Lindemans Padthaway Chardonnay, should have been the choice. It's a big, fruity number well able to take pressurisation in its stride and then some.

Neill Murray, Australian Airlines in-flight services manager, says that the average commuter flights like the Melbourne-Sydney and Sydney-Brisbane runs aren't long enough for either the wines or the passengers to go appreciably downhill. However, the airline does tend to opt for fuller-flavored wines, so maybe experience triumphs over logic. — Elisabeth King



## DREAMTIME FISHING

Way up north, the barras are jumpin'

It's not an accident that Australia's better fishing spots lie in the sparsely populated north rather than around the southern metropolitan sprawls. Like old whiskey ruined with glugs of cola, good fishing and population pressures just don't mix.

It gets back to water quality. Take Sydney. The kind of muck one might risk bumping into while swimming off Bondi Beach has been well documented. And the fishing's not much better; these days there's more chance of seeing Bruce Ruxton in the Republican movement, or Fred Nile in pink, than catching a modest feed of bream, tailor or luderplan around the old Steak And Kidney. Who'd want to eat them anyway, living in water like that?

It's even worse in the ACT. Canberra's shit gets pumped into the Molonglo River, which flows into the Murrumbidgee. That once-mighty river fills an aquatic playground called Burrinjuck Dam and is drawn off as drinking water for Wagga Wagga and other riverside towns.

Not that long ago, the works broke down. The feds did a cover-up of Watergate proportions, which wasn't quite watertight; brown logs and spent rubber goods were seen floating on the 'bidgee and people are still waiting for an explanation. Hinch, where are you?

It's a simple equation: the further away from urban concentrations, the cleaner the water. And therefore, the more fish that live in it.

The Kimberley region is about as far away as you can get from urban sprawl. Get hold of a map and draw straight lines out of Sydney and Melbourne; you'll see what I mean. People pressures there are negligible and fish bite with the sort of frequency that would require a corporate whizz-kid on a main-frame computer to tabulate.

The face of the Kimberley is familiar to most city dwellers. For years TV doco and adventure programs, typified by the Malcolm Douglas ochre-and-witchetty-grub epics, have been supplying us with images of an unforgiving land of

stark contrasts — red landscapes crying for water and rocky riverbeds overflowing when the monsoons bring the rain.

Outdoors types who find TV a poor second to actually being there — and have the means to do something about it — may not know that the Kimberley region has a highly organised and professionally run tourist infrastructure. Hard-core anglers, and the less addicted who just want to get away from it all and catch fish, increasingly patronise those services.

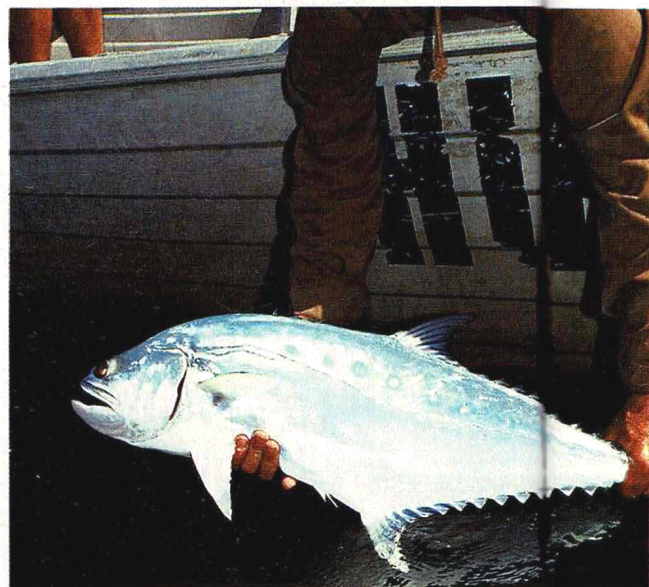
Tourist-oriented operations include long-range charter boats, waterside camps, guided daytrips and fly-in fishing using floatplanes and choppers. They are based around Kununurra and Broome — towns once relegated to the "arseholes of Australia" category, but (recession and all) now booming gateways to the Kimberley. Daily commuter jets connect flights from the eastern states.

By far the best known is the Alligator Fishing Camp, famous for its great fishing, bush cooking and being so remote that the only realistic way to get there is by air. It has home electricity, refrigeration, warm showers and a sit-down loo, and tends to be booked out well in advance.

Co-operators Craig Muir and Ken Paton fly parties of up to five people out to the camp in De-Havilland Beaver floatplanes. The Beaver is a prodigious load-carrier well known for its safety record. Craig and Ken have spent more time aloft over the Kimberley region than the resident wedge-tail eagles and can land a Beaver on eggshells.

Taking off from Lake Kununurra, the 100-minute flight out to the camp traces a flightpath along the Ord River and across Cambridge Gulf to follow the rugged coastline. At 1,330 metres and 90 knots the views are fantastic.

Like guided fishing operations right across northern Australia, traditional owners are paid royalties for fishing and tourism activities on Aboriginal lands. The Alligator crew has an exclusive tenure on its



patch. Ken Paton has made a study of Aboriginal culture from the Dreamtime to the present. His knowledge is encyclopaedic, and he's happy to pass it on.

Visitors entering the Kimberley region for the first time are usually astonished by the surreal landscapes and the total change of

Photos by Rod Harrison



pace. The heat and dust, the slow way of talking, all have a time-warp effect. But the first strike on the rod will jolt you back to reality, and fast. Because whatever has bitten your bait will usually put up a hell of a fight before becoming your dinner.

The Kimberley is home to some of Australia's best sports fish. You can encounter ten or 20 different types in the course of a long weekend. Four, however, are the top echelon and are also synonymous with Kimberley fishing: the renowned barramundi; a silver bullet called the queenfish that leaps when hooked; a thug of a fish known as the mangrove jack; and a trevally, referred to in fisho parlance as "the GT", which has the power of its motorised namesake.

What does one do with all those fish? You eat them, that's what.

Succulent black-lipped oysters and big muddies complement table fish on the camp menu. But Kimberley operators discourage clients from bringing large eskies along. The aim is to provide angling adventure experience, rather than the opportunity to load up with fillets and flog them off back home.

There's much to be said for the catch-and-release ethic. Many fish species are more valuable to the community as a sustainable recreational resource than in a professional's net. And if you can't eat a fish, why kill it? I'd defy Bernard King — no, Peter Russell Clark — to make tailor resurrected from the freezer anywhere near as palatable as a fresh fillet that's been grilled and served up with a couple of lemon wedges.

Skill levels and previous



experience don't really come into it when fishing a promised land such as the Kimberley region. Those attributes tend to be more helpful back in the south, where more anglers are in pursuit of fewer fish.

Fishing styles are definitely different up in the Kimberley. The difference lies in the type of fish available. In the south, they tend to be browsing, scavenger types like bream, snapper and whiting.

**"Whatever has bitten your bait will put up a hell of a fight. . ."**

Fishing for them is a waiting game, worm-on-a-bent-pin stuff, while the patience meter runs up.

Northern fish are much more aggressive. This trait allows the widespread use of lures. Though anglers can go hunting for fish around snags, rock bars and tidal channels, sometimes you don't have to bother — the fish are just as likely to find you. Trolling is therefore popular and highly effective. With a guide on the tiller who knows the water intimately, all clients have to do is wait for the rod to buck. And what more could you ask for than that? — Rod Harrison



## PUBLIC ASSETS

## Get set for the GIO float

In Berlin, the Wall comes down. In Australia, we sell shares in the Commonwealth Bank. No matter what you think about the morality or politics of selling off public assets, it's happening and, if there's a quid in it — and there is — you'd be mad not to be in for your cut.

The Commonwealth Bank float was a beauty — from my point of view, which is the point of view of the investor. I don't know what the people of Australia should think, even though I'm one of them too, because the way punters are now lapping up the shares at close to eight bucks suggests the \$5.40 issue price was too low, and that the Government sold for \$1.3 billion what it could have sold for \$1.8 billion. Except that, at the time the issue price was announced there were a lot of experts saying it was "finely priced" ie, close to what it's worth and, as a subtext, there won't be much money in it for the quick sellers.

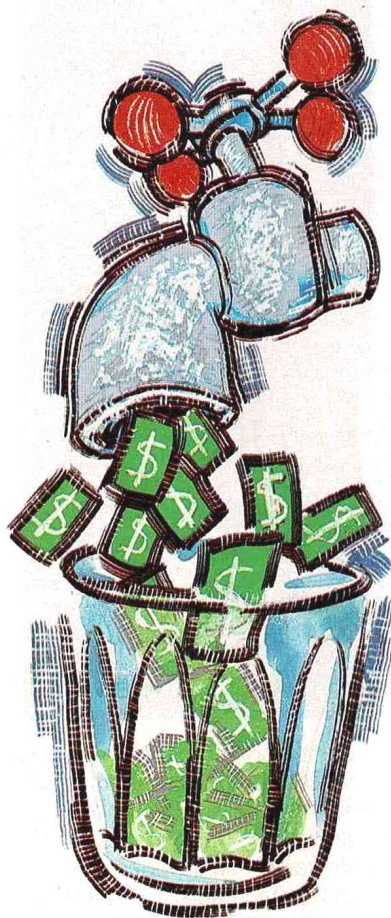
But the share came on at the right time: at the beginning of bull-rush on the market, when all shares went up. Indeed the shares of the rival banks had appreciated some 10 percent between the announcement of the Commonwealth's price and the opening of the subscription list, so punters were reasonably sure of at least a ten percent rise on listing. They did that — and better.

The success of the Commonwealth will not be lost on the likes of Nick Greiner, who intends to list the NSW insurance company, GIO. This could be another Commonwealth Bank. I think that, in the long run, it'll be even better but I don't think the market will go along with me. The GIO is, at present, mostly confined to NSW, though it is testing the waters in Victoria and Western Australia. The Commonwealth Bank is Australia-wide and a proven performer in this market. Investors like the assurance of runs on the board, which the Commonwealth has. The GIO has yet to accrue a big score outside its home ground. It will, but just my saying so won't

make the market believe it.

But the GIO has much better growth prospects. It has the five other states to penetrate and, on a cost-to-the-insured basis, is more than competitive with its rivals. Thus it has the opportunity to expand its market and its market share: it has only one way to go — and that's to get bigger.

A lot depends on how greedy



Greiner gets. If he prices the shares on a five-year prospective earnings line they'll be far too dear; but if he doesn't take that into account, he'll be robbing the state. Given the tendency of politicians to see not much further than the next election, I suspect he'll price the GIO according to next year's earnings — then leave a little profit in for the stags (first-day sellers) to ensure the success of the issue. This will make the GIO the stand-out, five-year, buy-and-hold bet of the decade.

But then will come the me-too

floats, the sell-offs of the various bits of state enterprise that those awful people we elect to rule us will flog off to pay for their ill-conceived election promises. Some will be profitable, some less so. The various electricity commissions could be nice earners but have such huge capital costs I can't see a really handsome dividend policy. Water is an essential and should be a laydown misere to make a motza, but it depends far too much on

### "Water should be a lay-down misere to make a motza."

shire, state and Federal Government co-operation (in such as catchment areas and reticulation) to be anything other than a headache for its managers and an uncertain source of income for its investors.

The Commonwealth Bank, by the way, was not the first privatisation by way of public share issue. The Federal Government floated off the AIDC in early 1990. Shares in the development financier were issued at \$2 but the stock has never seen that price again. It traded as low as 77c last year and is struggling to hold much more than a dollar.

AIDC shows the importance of timing. It came on just as the recession started to take hold and the iffier companies — just the sort AIDC invests in — were going to the wall. AIDC has suffered horribly and so have its investors. Similarly, I wouldn't be too keen on the GIO if, just prior to listing, a couple of insurance companies went broke or a freak cyclone wiped out half of northern NSW.

Such catastrophes are not common so, if you can find, borrow or steal the money, get set on the GIO. Half of the profits can be sent to me care of this magazine and there won't be any losses. Still, if there are, they're all yours, chum. See ya. — David Quicksilver

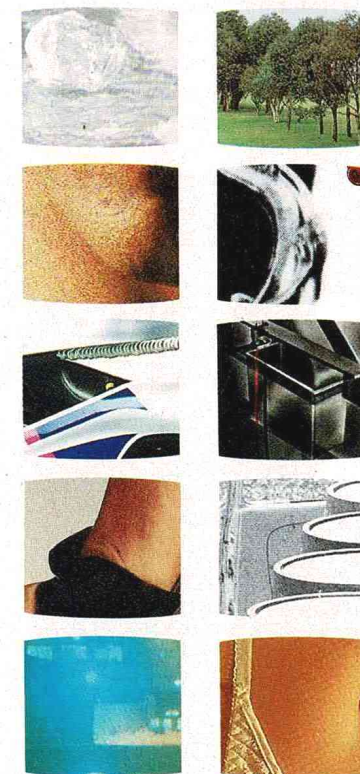


# PHILIPS

## SEARCH PARTY COMPETITION

### Welcome to the world of Philips consumer electronics

Improve your image with the matchless sharpness, clarity and colour of the Philips Matchline large screen television. Here's how to play: Each of the Philips television screens displayed below is a portion of the photo in an advertisement appearing in this month's issue of Penthouse. Your assignment is to search for the pictures that match the clues and note the page number for each. For clues appearing on the front or back inside or outside cover, consider that page number as zero. When you have all ten, add the page numbers and arrive at your grand total. Submit solution to Philips/Australian Penthouse Search Party Competition.



#### Flat square black Invar tube

For crisp, clean pictures with accurate colour reproduction and excellent definition.

#### Symphobass hi-fi sound system

Incorporating five loudspeakers to give depth and quality to soundtracks. True cinema sound in your lounge room.

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For compatibility with video recordings made anywhere in the world.

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For straightforward set-up and operation.

#### Other features include:

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Print your name, address, postcode, daytime phone number and Philips/Australian Penthouse Search Party solution on a sheet of paper. Mail entries to Philips/Australian Penthouse Search Party, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Entries must be received by March 23, 1992. Winners will be selected on or about March 27, 1992. Enter as often as you wish; each entry must be mailed separately. Sponsor not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, or late mail. Winner will be notified by mail. The competition is open to all residents of Australia excluding the staff (and families) of Australian Penthouse, Philips Consumer Electronics and associated companies. Total prize value \$3,199. Prize not transferable and cannot be taken in cash.



The inside of a car isn't the most conducive place for good sound, but installing a compact disc player is a step toward better listening. Denon has combined a CD player (for both 8cm CD singles and 12cm discs) with an AM/FM tuner and four-channel amplifier in one standard unit. The amp is good for eight watts per channel (which is a lot in car audio terms), while the tuner section has numerous devices to ensure FM reception remains loud and clear, even in difficult areas. For CD listening there's random play and intro-scan functions. An anti-theft bracket allows you to remove the unit from the dash before the light-fingered can get to it. Around \$1000 from Silver Australia. ▼



It's called "sound field processing" and — via some clever digital manipulation of the audio signals — it can turn your loungeroom into an outdoor concert arena, jazz club, church or disco... acoustically, that is. All you need is four rather than two loudspeakers. Kenwood incorporates a digital signal processor (DSP) in its out-of-the-box UD-90 compact component system. There's a CD player, twin cassette deck, graphic equaliser and AM/FM stereo tuner plus 40 watts-per-channel power. The speakers are ported to deliver a richer and more dynamic sound. The UD-90 is also equipped with a decoder to handle the extra information on video movie soundtracks and give cinema sound realism. All this for \$2800. ▼



▲ A brand-new, fully equipped, 35mm SLR for less than \$500? You might worry if this offer was made in the back bar of your local, but Canon Australia really is selling its new EF-M for \$499 and you get a 35-80mm zoom lens as well. What's the catch? Well, the EF-M is manually focused, but after that it boasts the latest in automatic exposure control systems, a built-in motordrive, 1/1000-second shutter and full information viewfinder. There's nothing cut-price about the specs, either, while full manual control is possible if you get a creative urge.



▲ Panasonic's G-series camcorders hit the spot if you're looking for performance at a price. The VHS-C format G2 is yours for around \$1500 in return for which you get an 8X zoom, built-in titling (with a choice of eight colors), high-speed shutter and an automatic video light which switches on when you're shooting in the gloom. To deliver a good-looking picture, the G2 has a sophisticated digital autofocus system, professional quality video recording heads and a high-resolution image sensor (to ensure accurate detail reproduction). It weighs in at a modest 900 grams. From Panasonic Australia.



▲ Akai has taken the video world by storm with its Intelligent HQ picture enhancement system which offers a marked improvement in performance for not a whole lot more money. Logically, Akai has now installed I-HQ in a standard VHS-C camcorder which is claimed to deliver a picture quality almost as good as Super VHS. The Akai PVS-C40 will cost you \$1700 while a S-VHS machine is worth \$2500 plus. Get the picture? The compact PVC-C40 sports a 10X zoom, 1/10,000-second shutter, LP/SP recording modes and choice of automatic settings to suit specific subjects. All clever stuff.



Six sides are apparently better than four, according to loudspeaker maker Tannoy, who has launched a new series of hexagonal models appropriately called "Sixes." The theory is that the six-sided cabinet eliminates internal resonances (a big no-no in speaker performance) to deliver a purer and more accurate sound reproduction. Construction has also been carefully considered, so nothing vibrates that shouldn't. There are seven Sixes, starting with the small two-way model, 603, and ranging up to the floor-standing 615 (shown here). Prices start at \$550 a pair from Syntec International. ▼



Guess what? Turntables are again big news in the audio business, only this time they're not spinning a slab of vinyl, but rather, a compact disc. Pioneer has devised the CD turntable to counter disc wobble and vibration, which can be detrimental to sound quality even in minute quantities. There's a range of Pioneer CD turntable players including the \$899 PD-9700 which has 1-bit digital processing and twin DACs plus a host of convenience features including 24-track programming, full remote control and five repeat modes. From Pioneer Electronics Australia. ▼





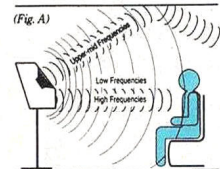
# AR ANNOUNCES A STARTLING NEW DIMENSION IN STEREO LISTENING. HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGING.™

It's astonishing. You're used to speakers blanketing a room with ambience. Or limiting imaging to a narrow sweet spot.

Holographic Imaging unites imaging and ambience to recreate music in its proper position. The music is projected into the room. The effect is electrifying. Three dimensional.

## THINK OF IT AS A SONIC HOLOGRAM.

And you're right in the middle of it. Imaging is far more focused than conventional speakers, so not only can you pinpoint instruments with striking accuracy, but experience their size, weight and texture as well. We've combined that improved definition with more spacious, natural ambience that envelops you in what we call the Spatial Soundstage™ (Fig. A)

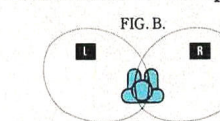


The technology responsible for Holographic Imaging could only have come from the people who invented acoustic suspension.

## ASTOUNDING SOUND BECAUSE WE BROKE THE VERY RULES WE MADE.

For instance, the first four in the H/I Series have the woofer on top, angled precisely. This minimizes unwanted crossover components and diffraction effects, leaving nothing between you and the music.

The offset dome tweeter adds strong, precise imaging over a broader area than merely the traditional sweet spot. (Fig. B)



In the two largest H/I Series, we put the midrange on the top on an angle. Then we mounted the woofers into an acoustic suspension cabinet that fires into a filtered

chamber. The result...Filtered Suspension...tight bass response combined with dynamic, efficient performance. (Fig. C)

The narrow speaker encasement (Minimal Baffle Design) reduces reflected information and gives you an enormous sound from a surprisingly small amount of space.

## SOUND DESIGN DICTATED COSMETIC DESIGN.

The design philosophy here is "form follows function." As such, every physical characteristic is born from specific physics and psych-acoustic principles. The result is a seamless blend of engineering innovation and visual art.

From bookshelf to tower, each sleek, uncompromising model projects precise stereo performance. Other finish options are available on the largest model.

You know our reputation for innovations. Four decades worth that have bought stereo to where it is today. Or should we say where it was yesterday? Because today the Holographic Imaging Speaker takes us beyond conventional "stereo-filled" rooms. Beyond mere "sweet spots" to a wider area of clear, focused imaging than ever before. For stereo enjoyment even we never imagined.

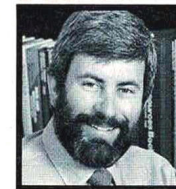


**WE CAN BREAK THE RULES BECAUSE WE MADE THE RULES.**

© 1991, AR, Holographic Imaging, Spatial Soundstage and H/I Series are registered trademarks of Acoustic Research.



FIG. C.



Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

## ESCAPING FROM LONELINESS

The art of getting out and having fun

**L**oneliness is the bad feeling that comes from being alone when you don't want to be. That's different from solitude, which is being alone when you do want to be. For busy people, some solitude is important stress-management. Brief, passing moments of loneliness happen to all of us. I notice these most when I'm working away from home and it's dinner time. Eating by yourself when most people are accompanied brings home your aloneness. I solve this by reading a book.

Loneliness can be a problem. We humans are social beings. We tend to do better when we have successful relationships in our lives. On average, married people enjoy better health and live longer than single or divorced people. Prolonged loneliness can make you depressed. Being aware of your lack of successful relationships can knock down your self-esteem. Loneliness is recognised as a possible major cause of stress. Loneliness is worth tackling constructively.

**Why Am I Lonely?** Loneliness problems usually come about in one of two ways. First, there are people who have had successful relationships in the past but who have lost them through a change

in their living situation. Moving home, leaving your job, separation, divorce and death of your spouse can all cost you good relationships. If this applies to you, and you can remember how you made relationships in the past, then the obvious answer is to revive those skills and get moving on replacing your lost relationships.

Second, there are people who have not had successful relationships for a long time, if ever. This chronic loneliness tends to reflect social anxiety, lack of social confidence or a lack of social skills. Decide which of these applies to you and try some of the following tips.

**Coping with social anxiety:** If you feel very anxious meeting and mixing with people, you need to learn to cope with anxiety. Notice that your aim is to cope with it, not eliminate it (that's not possible) and not to exaggerate it (that just holds you back). The basic method for coping with social anxiety is to say a coping statement to yourself:

"I expect to feel anxious mixing with people and trying to make friends. I will feel bad if I make a social mistake or if someone rejects me. But I can cope with those feelings and the chance of

them happening is *not* a good enough reason for me to miss out on friendships or wind up lonely. So, pick someone to talk to, work out what to say, and now have a go."

**Building social confidence:** Confidence means your belief in your ability to do something successfully. Social confidence means you believe you can successfully meet and mix with people. The main factor that builds confidence is success, seeing yourself do the task and achieve the goal. So the way to build social confidence is to see yourself successfully meeting and mixing with people.

This requires four things. One, you need to spend time in places where you can meet people. Two, when you are there, you need to have a go at meeting and mixing. Say the coping statement to yourself and have a go. Three, you need to have some ideas on how to act socially. And four, very importantly, you need to have realistic goals. No-one does anything perfectly all the time, least of all something you are just learning or have become rusty at. No-one is liked by everyone they meet, nor needs to be.

This means a realistic definition of successful social mixing for you should allow you to improve over time, make some mistakes, meet some people who don't like you and whom you don't like, so that some of the time you meet and mix well and you make some good friends. That's a real success and you should take it to heart. There are some practical steps you can take (coming up next), but the key is to be willing to try.

**Using social skills:** Here's a basic plan for making friends. First, find some activities that you think you will enjoy and through which you can expect to meet people. Pubs, clubs and discos tend to attract younger people

looking for casual relationships. The "singles" clubs and dating organisations have very mixed records. I encourage you to find your own opportunities.

Introduce yourself. If you want to catch fish, you need to go fishing. Feel anxious? Use a coping statement. Not sure what to say? Socially people usually talk about three things (no, not the ones you are probably guessing). One, they discuss trivia, meaning emotionally unimportant issues such as the weather, sport, the

**"No-one is liked by everyone they meet, nor needs to be."**

news. This is a safe way of getting started. Try to have some eye contact, speak audibly and smile when it's appropriate. Two, they discuss common interests, friends or activities they share. You will find these quickest by asking open questions, like: "What do you do in your spare time?" Three, they discuss themselves, not in a boastful way, but by sharing, *gradually*, more personal information.

When you find a promising relationship, develop it actively, but at a natural pace. Do take the initiative and suggest outings or dates. Don't overreact to knockbacks. "I'm busy that night," could mean just that. If it's a possible intimate relationship, don't rush the intimacy. Have lunch and a movie before you suggest dinner for two. Above all, be willing to wear your disappointments and keep trying. It beats being lonely. 



BY WALTER GLASER

# *risky* business

**Technology has taken industrial espionage gadgetry into the 21st century**

A German banker starts up his Mercedes and heads for an appointment downtown. Driving along a suburban street there is a violent explosion and his car becomes a fireball, killing him instantly. That afternoon a terrorist organisation phones the local newspaper, claiming responsibility for his assassination. A successful British company finds that all its tenders and quotes are being marginally under-quoted by its opposition. Every move it makes seems to be anticipated by the competitor, who is wresting away contract after contract. When this becomes too much of a regular occurrence to be a coincidence, experts are called in. Not only has their chief

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN





## business

executive's office been bugged, but their phone and fax machine are being read, enabling the competitor to be aware of every management decision.

An Asian head of state has been receiving death threats from a revolutionary extremist group. Not long afterwards he is assassinated in a bomb blast. The country is in chaos. Like his mother before him, when she was Prime Minister, he has been murdered in cold blood.

Fantasy? No! These are true case histories.

The targets of terrorism and extortion don't have to be passive victims, though. There are measures which can be taken to protect individuals and companies, or at least give you a chance of evening the odds. You just have to go shopping for the right sort of gear. And if you don't know what you need, there are experts to help. Wars, greed, poverty, politics, revenge, national vendettas and the hunger for power have all contributed to the need for the manufacture of counter-spy and anti-terrorist equipment. And where there's a market, there will usually be a supplier.

Take, for instance, an American company called CCS. It offers highly specialised counter-terrorist and counter-

espionage equipment worthy of any James Bond film. It operates in several countries and licenses distributors for their equipment in others. The CCS catalogue reads like something straight out of a Nineties spy movie. Yet their products have saved lives, and survivors sing their praises.

One of those is the former Salvadorian Minister of Defence, Colonel Jamie Irahuta. He and three other senior government men were driving to work one day when their car was attacked in an ambush. No ordinary car would have survived but, fortunately for the passengers, they were in a vehicle specially prepared by CCS.

During the attack 33 bullets had hit the car, yet none of the passengers were hurt. The attackers also tried to smash the windows with axes, but the specially reinforced windows held out. This car was one of around 100, ranging from Cadillacs to BMWs and Mercedes, which CCS prepares each year for selected clients.

The conversion isn't cheap. It costs between \$80,000 and \$200,000 a car to give it the CCS treatment. But once this is done, a car becomes a self-contained fortress.

First, a shell of reinforced kevlar ballistic fibre and fibreglass is incorporated into the car's roof and side panels. The underside is then reinforced to the point where, if a grenade or land-mine is

detonated beneath the car, the occupants will not be hurt and nor will the fuel tank explode. Bullet-proof glass is fitted throughout, with enough protection to withstand a .30 calibre carbine.

There is more. A hidden transmitter is built into the seat belt. In the event of a kidnapping, this can be activated by the occupants so that the vehicle can easily be pinpointed by following the radio frequency.

But what if somebody fills the boot with explosives, setting these to blow the occupants sky-high when the ignition is turned on? To overcome this problem a remote, radio-controlled ignition system is built into the car that will start the motor from a safe distance before anyone enters the vehicle.

Hidden gun ports are built into the car's bodywork to return gunfire from the safety of the car's interior, while emergency oxygen breathing units are fitted in the event of the car encountering dense smoke or gas.

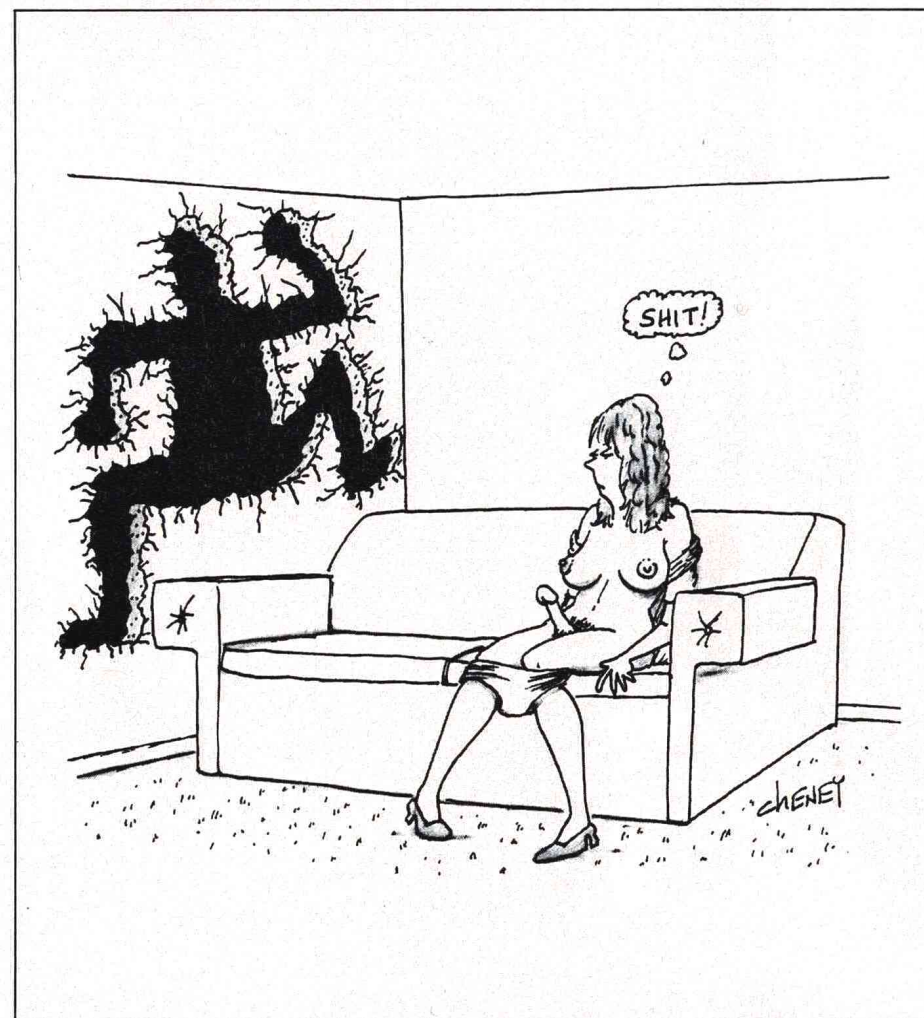
To further deter attackers, the vehicle is fitted with smoke-screen and tear-gas emission equipment. In the boot there is a tank of oil. When a dashboard switch is activated, the oil is pumped on to the road behind the car, forcing high-speed pursuit vehicles to spin out of control.

To record attackers or suspicious looking people, or to use the vehicle for surveillance purposes, some CCS conversions are also ordered with video cameras. The Antenn-Eye AE60 looks like an ordinary car antenna, but hidden inside is a micro-miniature camera lens. The camera is mounted under the fender of the car. You can monitor the activities of a person, building or an entire street from a remote location. With the AE60, your car can be parked for hours without drawing attention. Other surveillance camera models have lenses built into the rear-view mirror.

The CCS vehicle can even be fitted with night-driving equipment of the kind used in the Gulf War. Should the car have to travel at night without lights, the night-scope lets the driver see almost as clearly as in daylight.

Many heads of state, from the US President to oil sheiks, politicians and multi-national company CEOs drive around in such attack-proof vehicles. Even in relatively stable countries such as Australia, a Mercedes ordered for the use of former Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser is reported to have included some of the features mentioned above.

The arsenal of protective equipment available today is awesome. There are a number of items designed for the person who is a potential kidnap target. In Asia and South America, kidnapping victims for ransom is commonplace. Wealthy locals, as well as heads of foreign (especially US and European) corporations are under constant threat. In





## business

Peru recently, I met an Englishman in Cuzco. It was not until he got to know me quite well that he was prepared to give me his real name and admit that he was the head of an international oil company there. That information, obtained by the local revolutionary group, would almost certainly have resulted in his kidnapping and, at best, his company being held to ransom.

To counter kidnapping, a whole range of products has been developed. An innocent-looking ballpoint pen, the KRS10, contains a homing transmitter designed for potential kidnap victims. At the flick of a switch a silent signal is generated that indicates that the wearer is in trouble and also can lead the rescue team to the victim's location. The micro-miniature size of these transmitters enable them to be hidden in a cigarette pack (KRS30), a leather belt (KRS50), a magnetic car mount (KRS60) and even in a wrist-watch (KRS40) and hearing aid (KRS20).

Other equipment includes an intense strobe light which is invisible to the naked eye but sends a powerful light signal which penetrates clothing, foliage, cardboard or even water when viewed through infra-red night vision equipment. The small "Firefly" strobe can be clipped to one's lapel or inconspicuously set into one's vehicle.

No well-dressed potential target's wardrobe is complete without items like a two-tone sports jacket with zip front and slouch pockets, a leather jacket, safari suit or even a vest or T-shirt. From CCS, all these garments are bullet-proof to various degrees and some are even capable of withstanding "Level II" attacks — a shot from a Magnum .375.

There is other equipment. A torch-like flash gun, the AL22, delivers a burst of light five million lumens strong — so powerful that it blinds the attacker for a period of one minute to several hours. Weighing less than a half a kilo and suitable for carriage in car, briefcase or purse, the AL22 was successfully used in a hostage rescue mission aboard a Lufthansa airliner.

The more sophisticated and fast-moving an industry's technology is, the more essential that companies know what goes on with their opposition. And this makes for high stakes and a great temptation for industrial espionage. The very subject of corporate piracy is swathed in rumor and secrecy, but from time to time cases come to the surface. In 1983, it is reported, Hitachi was caught stealing company secrets from America's IBM. Hitachi eventually paid out a staggering \$300 million and had to allow IBM to inspect its new products.

Often the law is so far behind the

technological changes that only spy-versus-spy measures are effective. Some time ago a Hollywood studio negotiating a major deal suspected it was being targeted for industrial espionage. Electronic experts soon confirmed the worst by locating an eavesdropping bug embedded in the wall. Rather than relying on the law — which was obscure and did not cover the technology, the studio management decided to feed the bug with disinformation — wrong dates, figures and plans — which completely disorganised the other side. The deal was finalised without further interference.

For the VIP who suspects his conversations are being tapped or taped, CCS counter-surveillance kits are housed in an innocent-looking briefcase. This contains a tape-recorder detector, a wire-tap alert system, a miniaturised bug-detector for confidential conversations and an electronic sweep system.

When it is essential that communications be kept completely confidential, a whole lot of gadgetry is available for this purpose also. By carrying a pocket-sized SX 2 encrypted text transmitter, up to five pages of business proposals or information are

electronically encrypted, sent in a scrambled state over phone lines, and decoded by the person who has a similar programmed unit at the other end. Messages sent from pay phones, airports or on electronic mail are thus totally safe.

There are scramblers for computer transmission, telex and facsimile and portable telephones, wire tap alerts, telephone analysers, video briefcases, electronic sweep equipment, night vision pocket-scopes and other night vision devices that fit ordinary and video cameras. The company also offers hand-held metal detectors, X-ray mail scanners and letter-bomb detectors.

Metal detecting devices from CCS, built into normal door frames, act in the same manner as the door-frame-style metal detectors one finds at airports. Another device, the VSS-2000 Video Storage System, takes video shots of every person entering a building in secured installations. As each picture is taken, the date and time are added and stored on a data base.

If you carry important and sensitive documents in a briefcase, CCS offers the thief-immobiliser, activated at distances up to 65 metres by a remote switch that

can be kept in your pocket or fitted to your belt.

This sends a super-high voltage not only through the handle, but through the entire perimeter of the case. This is strong enough to literally stun and throw the thief to the floor. Optional features will give you a shrill audio alarm that carries up to three kilometres. These cases are popular with governments and courier companies specialising in the carriage of items like bearer-documents, diamonds and other easily negotiated valuables.

Then there is a video camera lens that fits into the dummy-head of a sprinkler-system ceiling rose and a surveillance system built into what looks like an innocent electric clock. This type of equipment was first developed by the Eastern Bloc during the Cold War days, and many a travelling businessman or diplomat has been snared into the blackmail trap when such equipment has been used in hotel bedrooms. CCS offers it for less sinister purposes, such as anti-pilfering surveillance.

In a separate catalogue of items offered to authorised law-enforcement agencies, CCS has just released such new items as a fax intercept unit which monitors all

incoming and outgoing fax messages on up to four telephone lines, and video equipment which operates in complete darkness. Latest gadgetry includes a cigarette-pack size video camera that can be fitted into a jacket. In an ultra-miniaturised camera, a right-angled pin hole lens surveys the scene without any telltale bulges in the wearer's suit. A tiny transceiver worn on the belt sends both video and audio signals to a mobile radio/TV receiver, small enough to fit into a briefcase which can be located up to one mile away.

Listening devices can be fitted into cigarette packets, all pens, cigarette lighters, ash trays, picture hooks — and even worry beads. The bug gun (item STG-4301) is a high-powered, pocket-sized cross-bow which embeds the transmitter, built into the dart, into window frames, trees, porous stonework and similar materials. It is designed for use where a portable surveillance system is needed for indoor or outdoor use, but where one cannot get close enough to the target to install a transmitter.

The laser surveillance system (STG-4032), consisting of a laser transmitter, laser receiver and cassette recorder,

registers minute window vibrations generated by sound waves. The conversation inside the target room is pointed is picked up by the laser beam, reflected back to the receiver and converted into electrical signals which are filtered and amplified, then monitored through ear-phones and stored via a tape recorder.

For two operatives, each wearing what looks like a hearing aid, it is easy to communicate, even when separated and in a noisy crowd. In the tiny, self-contained unit are a receiver, amplifier and solid-state loudspeaker with built-in power supply, all small enough to fit comfortably inside the ear. A miniature switch inside the pocket activates a lapel microphone and transceiver which transmits as well as receives the conversation.

CCS also offers a range of other products which are extremely interesting to those in the law-enforcement field. Their Coca-Test Spray claims to be near-perfect for cocaine detection. When used with their special laminated testing papers, and in a test taking mere seconds, a turquoise stain appears when as little as one microgram of cocaine is present.

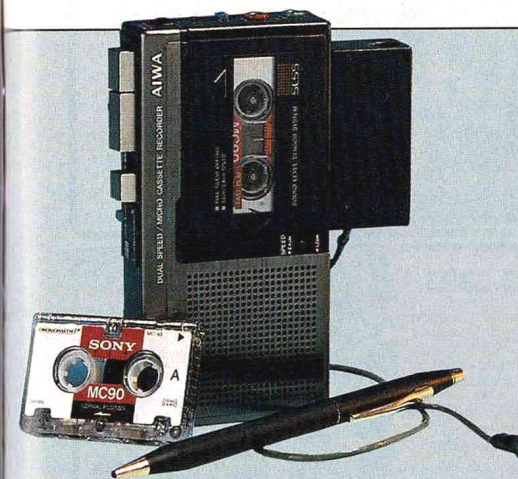
Documents, bank notes and other confidential material can be sprayed with the company's No-Mark Spray which many police departments use to tag items and mark specific areas. The spray is invisible, but if sprayed areas are touched and long-wave UV light is then applied to the suspect's hands, the spray clearly shows up.

A similar spray, called Ferro Print, leaves purple marks on suspects' hands if they have been handling metal, including weapons. On Print, the company's porous-surface fingerprint detection spray, reveals fingerprints on paper, cigarettes, and the like.

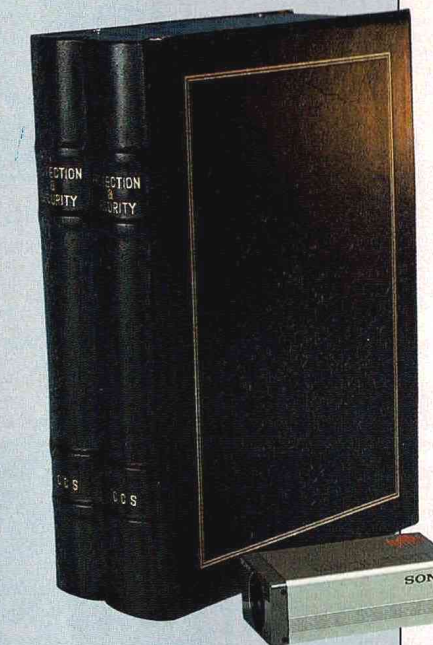
Other gadgetry includes electronic voice changers which make a man's voice sound like a woman's. A "barking dog" background sound can be added to provide the illusion that a dog is present. And what receiver of threatening or obscene phone calls wouldn't want a CCS Call Tracer 200, a device that displays the telephone number of incoming calls for 20 seconds, and then stores the 35 most recent calls, with their time and date, in its memory.

Q, the gadget man in the James Bond movies, would have been in heaven with his nose in the CCS catalogues. And besides the obvious state leaders, sheiks and top brass, just who else *does* have an interest in this sort of equipment? The clientele is confidential and CCS isn't telling. But all those engaged in the shadowy world of industrial espionage, terrorism, blackmail and other forms of crime are finding life a lot more difficult now that hi-tech counteraction equipment is available to those who need it. 

## tools of the trade



**Clockwise from above: A miniaturised tape recorder fits snugly into a pocket. It is switched on by removing the pen; hollowed-out books contain a video surveillance camera; the Predator V camera attachment amplifies light by 20,000 times to allow the user to see in seeming darkness; the CCTA1000 anti-bug device scans, detects and locates telephone bugs; the Fax Manager intercepts and copies phone messages and faxes.**





# DOUBLE TROUBLE

## Adult Tapes

TWO Full Length Movies on 1 Tape were \$29.95 Now Only \$27.50 each Any 4 Doubles \$100

**NICOLE STANTON 6398**

**THE NICOLE STANTON STORY.** She was a gorgeous call girl, tired of the depraved sex scene in sleazy bars. But she had one thing the others didn't...an insatiable ambition to climb to the top.

**THE NICOLE STANTON STORY "TO THE TOP".** Not satisfied with being the wife of a multi-millionaire, ambitious and amoral Nicole Stanton plunges to new depths of shameless depravity!

**KASCHA 6385**

**HAWAII VICE PT. VIII.** When we last left Francois & Kascha, they were ass deep in deadly trouble. If their dope dealing adversary, John, had his way, our heroes would be wearing cement shoes.

**DAYS & NIGHTS.** This time Kascha and Francois have the ability to project themselves into other people's sex lives, and you should see the people they choose.

**HETRO 6405**

**GIRL CRAZY.** Sharon & Jeannie always thought Diane was just a Physical therapist. Her Therapy was physical, to be sure but of an extremely intimate nature.

**GIRLS DON'T LIE.** Veronica Dahl gathers together a baker's dozen of the industry's top female stars. It's all new...it's all raw! It's all about doing what they do best. These girls do lie...not much they don't.

**AUSTRALIAN 6384**

**SEXUAL HEALER.** Set amongst the beautiful rainforests of Australia, a sex therapist leads a group of male and female patients into self therapy.

**LOST IN PARADISE.** Donald Snow is an up and coming young executive who is sent to Australia to supervise the closing of a timber mill. Once there, he discovers the uninhibited sensuality of his surroundings.

**BI-SEXUAL 6390**

**BY DAY BI NIGHT.** Everyone wants Danny and soon everyone will have their chance. This cast of lovely ladies and super-hung guys will make your VCR Cook.

**SWITCH HITTERS V.** It's off to the playoffs as The Switch Hitters take the final game of the season. Win or lose, a celebration is at hand.

**CHARLIE'S GIRLS 6403**

**CHARLIE'S GIRLS.** Do opposites attract? In this interracial episode they do! White women, who just can't help themselves from craving a big black man!

**CHARLIE'S GIRLS PT. II.** Scarlett O. portrays a girl who goes to California to console her sister-in-law who's getting a divorce. While she's there, Cathy and her sister-in-law, Nina DePonca, make it with everybody, including Nina's separated husband..

**CLASSICS 6386**

**EROTICA FROM THE PAST.** Peek into Passion from the Past! From a secret vault in Paris, we recently discovered a 35 mm master print from the Teen's & 1920's.

**ANTIQUE EROTICA.** These turn-ons from the Turn of the Century are sizzling with timeless pleasure...SEX!

**HOUSEWIVES 6393**

**BORED HOUSEWIFE.** Sweet Suzy is trying to heat things up, but Rick keeps putting the screws to her plans. Feeling like a forgotten toy, Suzy confides in her girlfriend Lacy. The girls decide to turn up the heat with a little panty party.

**PARTY WIVES.** With lust on their minds and their jobs on the line, Wives dressed in fashion...This party is ready for passion!

**BIG BOOBS 6404**

**GIRLS OF DOUBLE DD PT IX.** Marc Wallace and Scott Irish are co-owners in a ladies shoe store. The funny thing is, they're making money hand over fist, but they aren't selling any shoes.

**GIRLS OF DOUBLE DD PT. VII.** What these girls are looking for is glamour, image, yes and a super modelling job to showcase their potential. Pulse pounding pleasure that gives new meaning to the word talent.

**REAR ACTION 6387**

**BACKDOOR TO HOLLYWOOD PT. VI.** Rick is driven to extremes every time he spies on neighbours Francois and Kascha, as Francois launches his steamy beef torpedo between Kascha's hot buns.

**BACKDOOR TO HOLLYWOOD PT. VII.** Our plot begins with twin sisters who are linked physically through sympathetic nerve endings. One, Kate, a quiet and proper girl the other Karla, a steamy slut! Watch the fun when the roles are reversed.

# SOLO

## WOMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

"Working as a consultant for a cosmetic company I have to keep up a very feminine front," explains 22-year-old Krista. "Though that's not really me."



### MAIL ORDER FORM

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☐ 6386 ☐ 6404 ANY 4 DOUBLES \$100

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| 3-8   | \$12.00  | \$24.00 |
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Signature: (must be signed) \_\_\_\_\_  
(Certifies I am over 18 years of age)

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☐ Cheque ☐ Money Order ☐ COD ☐ Cash \*Send cash by security post  
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**Every weekend Krista flees the hustle of city-life to a national park. "I like to set up my tent in a secluded section of the park, light a campfire and enjoy the solitude. I think everybody needs some time alone to recharge their batteries."**



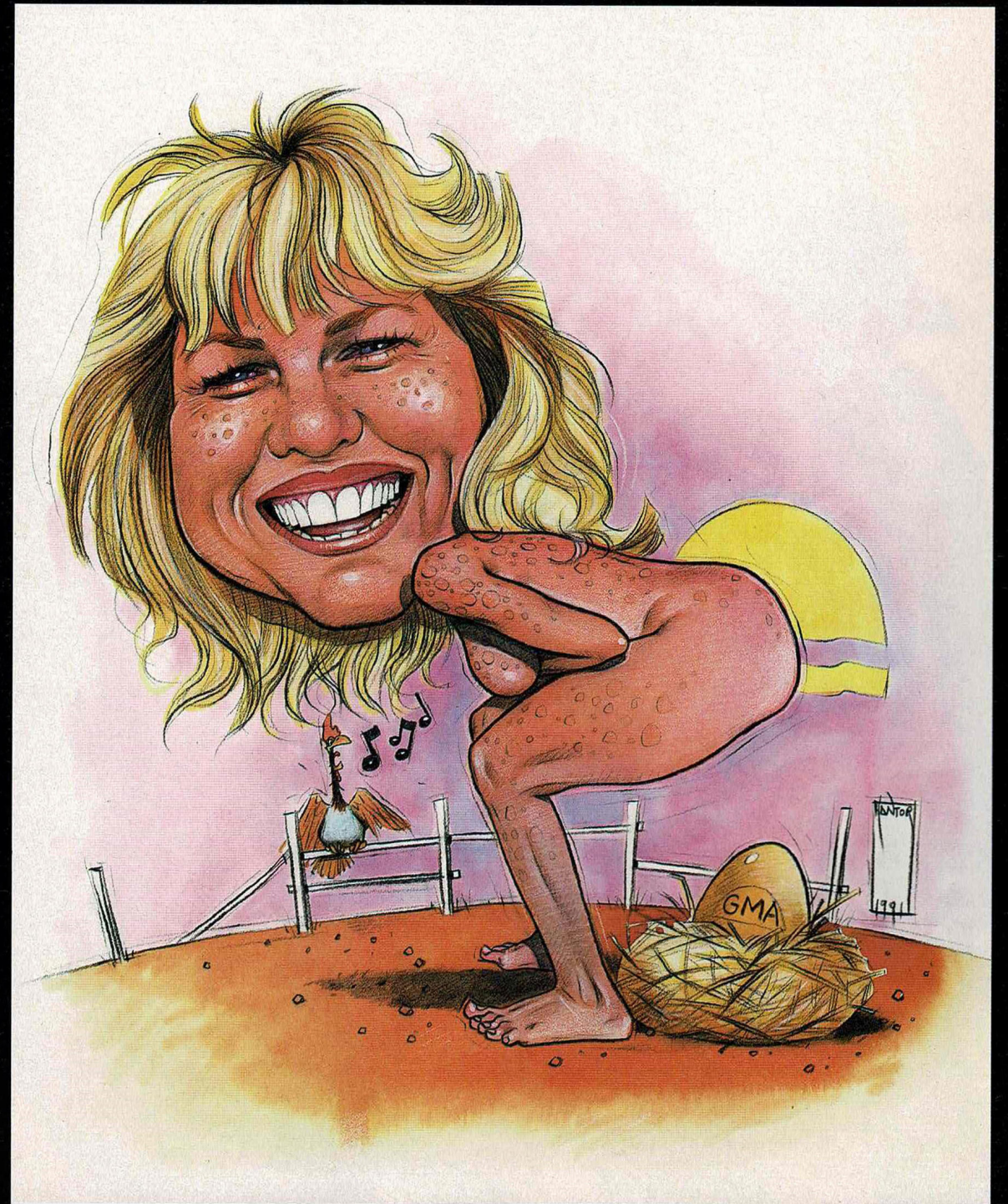


Would she ever think of sharing her weekends with someone special? "Maybe," she cautiously confides, "though he would have to enjoy the outdoors and not mind sharing a one-man tent."





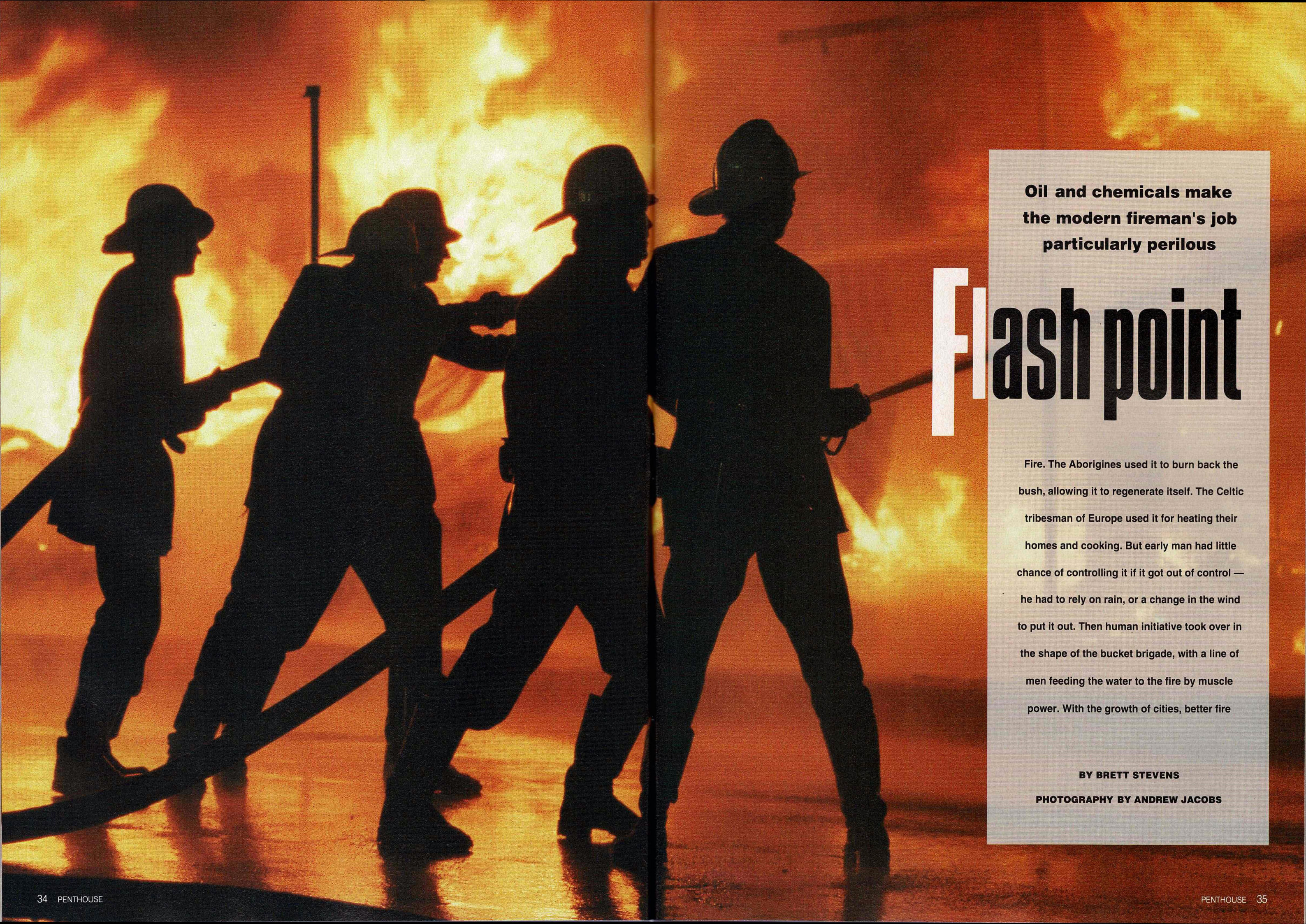
K A N T O R ' S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Kerri-Anne Kennerly





**Oil and chemicals make  
the modern fireman's job  
particularly perilous**

# Flash point

Fire. The Aborigines used it to burn back the bush, allowing it to regenerate itself. The Celtic tribesman of Europe used it for heating their homes and cooking. But early man had little chance of controlling it if it got out of control — he had to rely on rain, or a change in the wind to put it out. Then human initiative took over in the shape of the bucket brigade, with a line of men feeding the water to the fire by muscle power. With the growth of cities, better fire

**BY BRETT STEVENS**

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW JACOBS**



## Flash point

control was needed, and the beginnings of fire brigades began to form. In the 1600s, throughout Europe and as far off as Japan, there were teams of men who pulled heavy wooden boxes through cramped streets and pumped water on to the flames.

Today, fire-fighting is an established profession in almost every country around the world, and it's usually assisted by hi-tech equipment. All the same, for the men in the front line, very little has changed. They must still face heat, smoke, volatility, panicked victims and behind it all, the fear of death.

NSW boasts one of the largest and oldest brigades in the world. At its headquarters in the centre of Sydney, five engines rest silently in their bays while their five crews occupy themselves between calls. Some do drill, practising skills learnt at the academy and from years on the job, while others have the unenviable task of cleaning and polishing all the recently used equipment. Upstairs the lucky ones relax in easy chairs and watch television; or they sweat it out in the gym, increasing their muscle power, which they need to hold a hose under pressure or carry a victim down a ladder.

Although fire-fighters often appear on the nightly news — shadowy figures in helmets silhouetted by flames — we don't know much about what they really have to deal with when on the job. Unlike cops, their profession has been largely overlooked by scriptwriters and journalists, even though their world is one of action and drama, suffering and death.

An example of just how much risk a fire-fighter must face became apparent at the Boral Oil Refinery fire at Botany Bay in Sydney, on April Fools' Day, 1990. *Newtown* was the first engine to arrive. Flames were pouring out of a relief valve on a big fuel tank and creating so much noise that the windows of the truck started to rattle. The men had to fight their way close enough to place an unmanned monitor hose on the large tank in an attempt to prevent the 40,000 litres of fuel from boiling and exploding.

"The heat was pretty unbearable and we could see that the steel tank was beginning to fragment and the whistling sound was turning to a higher pitch," says Senior Fireman Eric Edmiston. "It was the first time I had ever thought that I was going to die and not see my kid, who was due to be born."

In fireman's terms, a "blevvy" (correctly, BLEVE — boiling liquid expanding vapor explosion) is a huge blast caused by liquid fuel exploding when it overheats. It's rare, but it's one of the worst things that can happen in a fire, and it's highly destructive.

A blevvy was what the fire-fighters at Boral were facing. It was clear that the tank



was going to go up, so the men hurriedly retreated. The explosion, when it came, covered a 1.5-kilometre-square area. The force of it rocketed a 20-tonne section of tank up into the air; it knocked over a truck and brick building before landing in a canal 120 metres away. The heat wave that followed the blast was like walking into a sauna. Nobody, fortunately, was killed.

In the old quarter of Sydney in the red-light district of Kings Cross, firemen face danger in antiquated buildings that have little or no fire safeguards. Darlinghurst Station's A-Platoon attended what they believed to be nothing more than an alarm at the rear of the Stripperama Strip Club, but found a blaze in one of the many bedrooms.

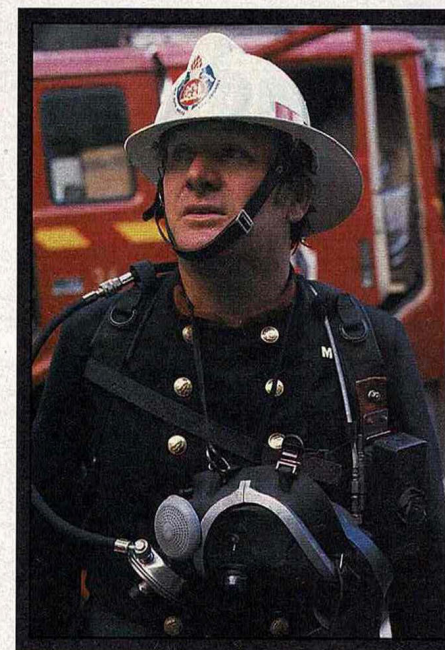
"We didn't have any air sets on, so we chewed smoke until we had a back-up crew arrive," said Station Officer Steve Freckelton. "The smoke was spiralling up the internal stairway and we had to pull 26 people down through it to get them out, as there was no fire escape." A similar fire at a nearby tourist

hostel saw five die inside and one man jump to his death.

At one building fire, fireman Barry Garvin loaded his hydraulic platform with survivors and had to stay behind as there was no more room. He did this even though the building was collapsing in flames all around him. He was saved just in time. He was later awarded a medal for bravery.

Though fires are impressive spectacles from the outside, the inside of a burning building is a world of darkness and confusion. When a fire-fighter steps into it, wearing his heavy air set, all he can hear is the sound of his own breathing and the crackling of the flames.

Fire-fighters struggle down cramped hallways and up staircases, dragging with them long lengths of canvas. They grapple with the enormous pressures that come pouring out of the hose. The metre-long branch of solid brass could smash a person's skull if the man holding it were to lose his grip. Burning fabrics and melting plastics combine to form a lethal cocktail of thick, acrid, black



**Clockwise from above left: Fireball caused by exploding fuel at the Boral fire; cops keep their distance at a street barricade in Sydney; it takes muscle to keep a high-pressure hose under control; tiredness shows on the face of a NSW fire-fighter.**



## Flash point

smoke that, if breathed in, is just as likely to kill a man through cancers years later as it is to asphyxiate him on the spot. Because of the darkness, each man carries a rubber ball-horn so they can let one another know where they are.

It's not hard to become lost when moving through a labyrinth of corridors, as happened to three firemen who were following a canvas hose as their air supply was running out. Part of the wall collapsed and covered the hose and the men took a wrong turn, ending up at a dead end.

"The beepers on the air sets were going off, indicating that we were almost empty," says station officer Frank Stevens. "When we finally found the hose again, we didn't know which way was out. By this stage I was getting pretty worried, so all I could do was take a

punt, which luckily was right as our air gave out just as we got there." As it was, the two others with him had to be treated for smoke inhalation.

Arsonists have always been a problem. They fall into two groups: one does it for sheer pleasure; the other is intent on ripping off insurance companies by setting alight flagging businesses. There are even paid professionals who will destroy your business at a reasonable price. But sometimes even they fluff it. One pair poured petrol over the floor of a building and set it alight before realising that they had backed themselves into a corner and would have to be rescued.

The consequences can be even worse for an amateur who decides to have a go: when the son of a milkbar proprietor thought it was time to destroy the milkbar, he blew himself up in the process.

But it's the nutcases who set fires for the sheer, perverse enjoyment of watching the



**Clockwise from left: Fire-fighters need, among other things, a head for heights; crew in air sets get ready to enter a building; part of the job is helping to rescue trapped car-crash victims.**

buildings burn that are the greatest worry. One trick often used to catch people is to photograph spectators at the scene, as an arsonist loves to view his handiwork. In this way some repeat offenders have been identified. In either case, however, arson squad specialists who investigate the fire's aftermath are more often than not able to determine the exact cause.

Despite the dangers of the job, the fire-fighter's life must be a good one — the average age is between 35 and 40. The usual roster system requires fire-fighters to work two days, then two nights, followed by four days off. This amount of spare time gives many of them the chance to make a bit of money on the side by running part-time businesses. A mateship reminiscent of our old war veterans also exists, as they find closeness through mutual adversity.

Although the majority of brigades are still male-dominated, women are beginning to appear among their ranks, with three making it through the rigorous training so far in NSW. It's not all a case of a strong back — common sense and a mind for figures are also necessary. Just to pass the NSW entrance exam is a gruelling business, as 3000 applicants discover each year. Only 20 or so are accepted.

Although it's a physically tough job, it's not just a simple case of spraying water on to the flames. The men and women must also quickly calculate the amount of water that the area of floor is able to handle before it will collapse. And fires are not their only specialty — they often attend car accidents where they have to use the jaws of life to free victims whose limbs have been trapped in crushed metal.

Often at accident scenes fire-fighters must

work while listening to the screams of the injured, who beg them to hurry. And more than once they have seen trapped victims burnt to death after a fuel tank has ruptured. Being burned is possibly the most horrible way for anybody to die. People who survive burning are usually so disfigured that they bear little resemblance to their former selves. Many fire-fighters carry the scars and the memories of this pain beyond the long months of recuperation.

Each man who faces the flames holds his own secret fear. This may be being burned or buried alive by falling masonry, or to die alone in a smoke-locked building, or to be trapped along with the people he was attempting to rescue. But it's the ability to conquer those fears and go on with the job that makes fire-fighters different from the rest of us. And they'll always be there if we call. 





## INTERNATIONAL COCKTAIL



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

"My mother was Spanish, my father was Greek, I was born in England and grew up in Australia," declares six-foot, 23-year-old Brittany proudly. "So that makes me a citizen of the world."



Brittany's fiery Spanish blood sometimes boils over. "Once, when my boyfriend stood me up for another girl, I was so mad, I hid his mobile phone, after calling the time in London. I haven't seen him since." Despite being repeatedly urged to visit her homeland by her parents, Brittany has not left Australia since arriving 20 years ago. "Only one thing could make me leave this country and I have not met him yet."









**Audi's ultimate sports car  
combines performance with a  
social conscience**

# AUDACIOUS!

**MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY**

Take a long, hard look at this car. Called, for the moment, the Audi quattro Spyder, it is officially a design study for a two-seater sports car, incorporating a range of relevant engineering features. Audi showed this car in public, briefly, at the last Frankfurt Motor Show.

Then it hastily locked it away.

But the evidence is that by 1994, a production version of this car will be in the showrooms — a lightweight, V6-powered, mid-engined creation to match Ferrari,

Lamborghini, Honda and the rest. But not priced up with the exotics.

When Audi put the Spyder on display at Frankfurt, it quickly became the hit of the expo. It provides real





## AUDACIOUS!

answers to many of the challenges facing the motoring industry as it races towards 2000, and yet it still manages to tug at the heartstrings. The Spyder doesn't leave the enthusiast driver pining for excitement.

Gunnar Larsson, Audi's head of research and development, sums up the project: "The Spyder is about the intelligent use of aluminium in a car. But it is also to test the credibility of Audi as a sports car maker."

An indication of Audi's intent with the Spyder was the team of market researchers cruising the vicinity of the show stand to gauge reaction to the startling bright-orange machine.

Even though there was no confirmation of Audi's plans to go into production with the car, it received more than 100 orders,

four-wheel drive, a safety feature that many others have since pursued since 1980, when Audi put the motoring world on its ear with the ground-breaking turbo-charged 80 quattro. The explosive, all-wheel-drive machine was soon a world rally championship winner and quickly became a cult car for driving enthusiasts overseas (sadly, it was never released in Australia, although Mr Kerry Packer and a lucky few got their hands on imported versions).

Since the introduction of the 80 quattro more than a decade ago, Audi has concentrated on the advantages of four-wheel-drive — better balancing, increased adhesion. Audis also reflected the engineers' preference for lightweight construction. This in turn helped fuel economy and, in the case of the 4WD quattro models, offset the extra kilos of the extra differential. As well, Audis of 1992 and beyond are 100-percent

**The quattro Spyder can quickly be converted into an open-air car — the detachable roof can be carried on top of the engine cover at the rear.**



with deposits. To make the project viable, production volumes would need to be at the level of 2000 a year — about the same rate as the original quattro. That's achievable, say industry observers. Audi has long claimed to operate at the cutting edge of motor vehicle technology, but always with an eye on social realities. Even when such matters were not fashionable, Audi engineers concerned themselves with safety and fuel efficiency while never deviating from the aim of producing cars in elegant, timeless packages.

Examples such as the wind-chasing Audi 100 served as evidence that luxury cars didn't need to be fat or ugly. The aero-look 100 was the slipperiest production saloon of the Eighties.

The German company was also the first car maker to move seriously into constant

recyclable, meaning that at the end of their useful working life they can be broken down and fully reused. No wastage, no rusting hulks cluttering Mother Earth.

The engine used in the design study is Audi's 2.8-litre V6, blessed with ample power and torque but light in weight thanks to its alloy construction. The same powerplant that propels Audi 100-model executive carrier, it's installed in a transverse mid-engine layout together with the gearbox behind the seats. The power output of 128 kw might not seem over-generous for a sports car, but performance is sparkling due to the Spyder's low overall weight — a mere 1100kg. It accelerates from rest to 100km/h in less than six seconds, and to a top speed of 250km/h.

The outstanding flexibility of the torque

V6 allows easy cruising at low engine revs for minimum emission, in spite of the sports car's performance potential.

Audi boss Ferdinand Piech predicts that the new Spyder is so light that it may one day be offered with a turbocharged diesel engine in place of the V6; presto, the world's first ecological sports car.

And a safe one, too, thanks to the robust tube chassis and Audi's unique Procon-ten system (which pulls the steering wheel away from the driver's chest in a head-on crash).

The quattro Spyder is 4.22m long and a generous 1.77m wide, and yet it stands just 1.17m high. The production of height to width with a compact overall length creates a sense of balanced tension — a crouched Carl Lewis waiting for the starter's gun — in the shape of the car. One of the main styling elements in the aluminium body is the use of soft curves with integral bumper surfaces and short overhangs. And of course, the distinctive corporate Audi grille.

Owners of some Italian stallions will envy Audi's use of available space. While the Spyder carries just two people, luggage capacity is copious, with a 300-litre compartment at the rear and an extra storage area for small items under the front hatch.

The closed quattro Spyder can be converted quickly into a real open-air car. The roof is detachable and can be carried outside the car on top of the engine cover. And, like the Mazda 929, a solar panel incorporated in the roof generates sufficient current to blow cool air into the interior of the unattended parked car on sunny days.

Wherever possible, Audi used standard production components — engine, gearbox and quattro rear suspension — without compromising the specific Spyder concept. The front suspension, a double-wishbone design, was newly developed by Audi Motorsport for the quattro Spyder.

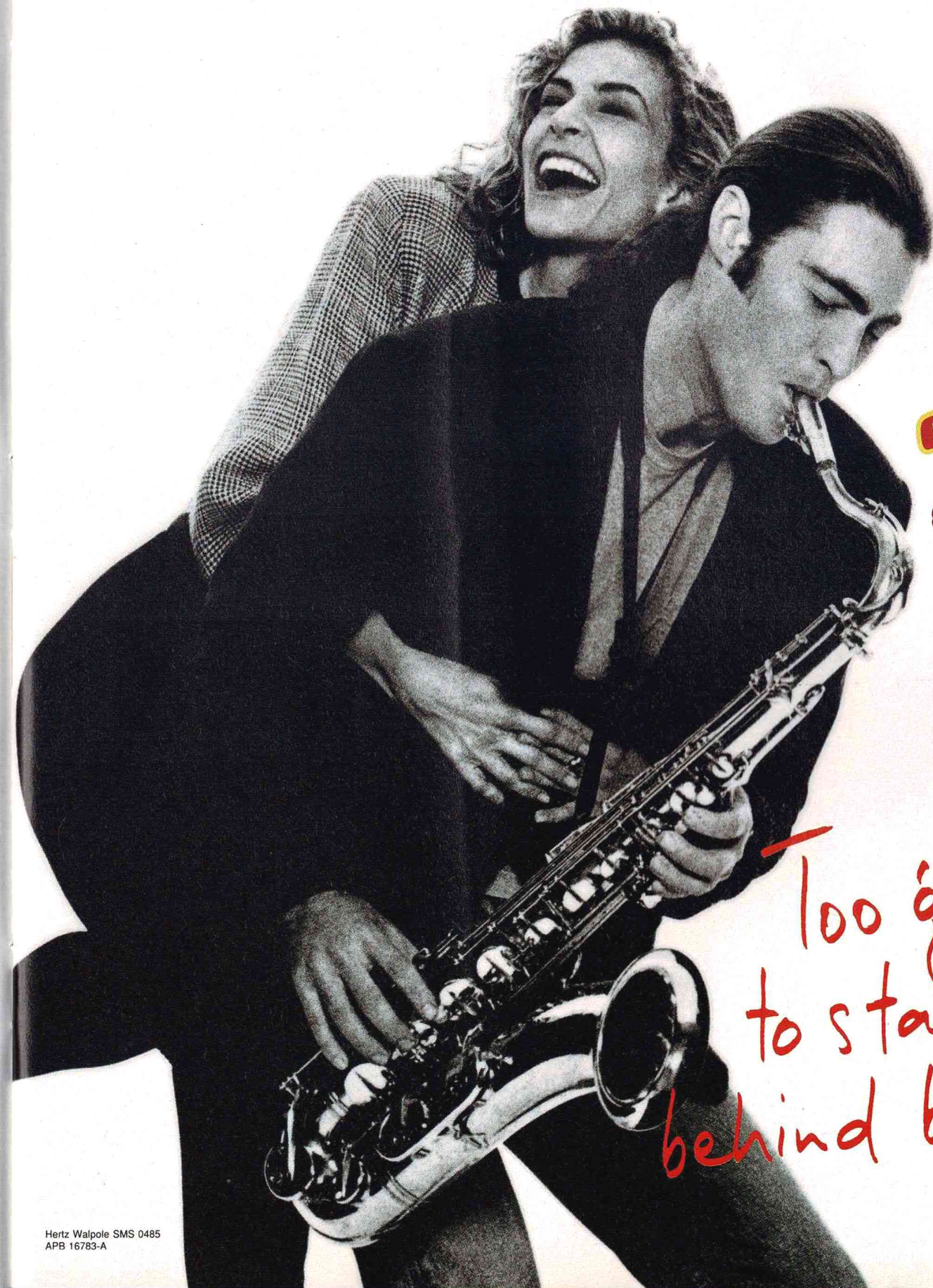
The combination of quattro all-wheel drive and a mid-engined layout provides the expected superb handling. Front-rear weight distribution is 48/52, close enough to perfect.

The sensible and extensive use of aluminium — a material on which the car industry will be increasingly reliant in the future — is perhaps the most impressive feature of the quattro Spyder. Aluminium can lower the weight of a car body by up to 40 percent, leading to all kinds of resource savings, fuel economy benefits and reduced emissions. Eight litres of petrol for every 100 kilometres travelled is the target.

Completely recyclable and corrosion-resistant, aluminium has been employed in many varied ways; body, tubular chassis, engine, wheels, console facing, gear lever. . .

Roll on, 1994. 

# Classic Smirnoff.



Too good to stay behind bars.





**For Noakes, Los Angeles' soul was made of  
sunshine, film stars and cynicism.**

# n b d y c r s

The 747's PA system exaggerated the captain's Texan drawl into a bad impressionist's version of Robert Mitchum. Between Sydney and Los Angeles, I'd learned to loathe it.

"If you look out the port window," he growled, fracturing a buzz hard-bought with 5mg of Valium and half a litre of J&B, "you'll see one of Los Angeles's most typical features."

I felt the plane tip, ungummed my eyes — and clutched the arms of my seat in terror. I was looking down a mile-deep shaft at mountains like the devil's dental work and, crawling across the khaki desert towards them, a sulphurous yellow fog out of some Calvinist hell.

"That's smog you're seeing, folks. LA's least popular export."

The plane tilted level, then sagged in the air with that half-weightlessness which, of all the loathsome sensations of flying, I loathed most. Flagger down a cabin attendant with my last miniature of scotch, I croaked: "Give us another one, love."

She looked me over frostily. "We'll be landing shortly, sir."

Silly bitch. That was why I needed it.

Half an hour and two more miniatures later, I faced the Immigration Officer at Los Angeles International.

"How much money are you bringing into the US, Mr Noakes?"

Nobody warned me about this back in Sydney. I improvised.

"Um. . . I don't carry much, as a rule."

"Traveller's cheques? A bank draft?"

"Well. . ."

"A major credit card then?"

**FICTION BY JOHN BAXTER  
ILLUSTRATION BY JONATHAN BENTLEY**



## nbdy crs

"Ah!" I took out my tool kit and extracted the green plastic. Never leave home without it; for slipping a deadbolt, there's nothing better.

She took the sad, nicked, twisted thing between her finger and thumb like a dead mouse. Her eyes dropped to the rest of my car repo kit: my funny keys, the baby jumper cables, the lock picks.

"Tools of trade," I said.

She picked up a tickler and twirled it.

"What trade is that, Mr Noakes?"

I gave her my best Paul Hogan grin and made a serious mistake.

"Um, brain surgeon?"

I never saw her press the button, but ten seconds later they were on either side of me — gigantic, uniformed and black. Americans just don't understand the Australian sense of humor.

I'd thought the whole thing was a joke myself, when I got into it. Anyone inviting me to a health club had to be taking the piss.

"Jack Dunne?"

The girl behind the desk had the baked-in tan of a lifetime of summers spent at Surfers.

"And you are. . .?"

"Noakes."

She checked me on her clipboard, got my signature, wrote in the date and time, and gave me a "Temporary Member" badge.

"Jack's in the gym, Mr Noakes."

Jack was working on a stainless-steel and black-iron instrument of torture by Nautilus. Just looking at those lead slabs sliding up and down made my arms ache. I caught his eye and he winked with the only muscle that wasn't straining.

Across the room, a stringy blonde with a body by Jane Fonda was working out. Her T-shirt said: "A Woman Needs A Man Like A Fish Needs A Bicycle." Lying back on the bench, she clamped her legs around two padded boards that kept her thighs wide apart and, with a grimace that bared her teeth, forced them slowly together against the drag of ten kilos.

Jack came up behind me, towel draped around his neck, moustache and beard limp with sweat. He smelled like Phar Lap after the 1930 Melbourne Cup.

I nodded towards the Fonda clone. "What part of the body do you reckon that exercises?"

"Want me to fix you up there? I'll tell her you're a producer. They all want to be in movies."

"Thanks but I'm holding out for Miss Right."

He slapped me on the arm. "Sorry mate. I hate to tell you this but I had her last week. She was terrible."

As he led me out of the gym, Jane jumped up from the bench and clunked

another five-kilo weight on to the load. The rapist who took her on would get the fright of his life.

Back in LA, the kid from Jack's US agency, World Management, ushered me to the kerb outside LAX. His name was Mike Shapiro. He wore five shades of slate grey and a Russian Navy watch in stainless steel. If he hoped it made him look effective, he shouldn't have been born a head shorter than average or worn lifts in his Bally slip-ons.

"It just never occurred to me they'd hassle you," he said.

"Me neither."

The air was hot and thick with fumes. I was starting to choke when a block-long Cadillac limo glided up. Its back seat alone was as large as my living room back in Bondi.

"What I could use is a beer."

A bar, all lights and mirrors, fountained

“Ten seconds later they were on either side of me — gigantic, uniformed and black. . .”

out of the dove-grey carpet. "Tacate, Corona, Asahi, Bud, Coors?"

"Anything."

He poured a Tacate into a tall frosted glass, with hardly a centimetre of head. Nice to see the old crafts still flourishing.

"If it's all right with you, Mr Noakes, we'll go straight to your meeting. This has put us behind schedule. You need any briefing at all?"

"According to Jack, I'm supposed to scale the castle walls, defeat the wicked witch and rescue the beautiful princess from the black knight. That about it?"

"You got it, yeah," he said.

The snack bar was unstaffed; either the members were too well-bred to steal, or The Retreat charged so much that it didn't matter. Jack took a Perrier. I poured a coffee.

"That stuff'll kill you," Jack said.

"When did you get health-conscious? The last meal I saw you eat was three bacon rolls, two cans of Fosters and a Violet Crumble bar."

"Since we went public, mate. They gave me a physical. Should have seen my

cholesterol. I wish our stock went that high." He slapped his belly. It sounded like a kilo of rump steak hitting a marble slab. "Decided I'd better get in shape."

"Yeah. So. . .?"

"So, right." He fished in his sports bag, took out a manila envelope and handed me a Polaroid.

She was a pretty kid with a heart-shaped face and long black hair. Another Kylie Minogue clone — except there was something devilish in the eyes that made you want to put her over your knee and spank her. For a start, anyway.

"Know her?" he asked.

"Sure. Pixie . . . what's-her-name. She was in that last movie of yours — *Burning* something-or-other."

"I'm glad our million-dollar publicity campaign wasn't wasted." He took back the picture. "It's Pixie Lewis, you oaf, and the film was *Heart On Fire*."

"I don't go to the pictures much since Audie Murphy died." Conscious of disappointing him, I volunteered: "Pretty girl."

"Yeah?" He took another polaroid from the envelope. "Try this one."

It was the same Pixie Lewis. But both her eyes were half-closed and black, there was a cut on her cheek that looked like it had been stitched, and her lower lip was a blue bulge.

"Jesus! Car smash?"

"Boyfriend."

Another Polaroid. The guy might have been her older brother; same black hair, same look of the devil in his eye. Somewhere in his ancestry, a Spaniard had waded ashore in Ireland after the Armada sank and out of sheer exasperation raped the first girl to walk down the beach.

"Andy O'Hara. Alias Randy Andy, our imported American talent. He and Pixie had something going during the shoot, so I sent them to do press for the launch. After that, they took off — for a couple of weeks' holiday, she said. Then she turns up in hospital."

"He did that to her?"

"He's a nasty bastard. Slapped her around on the location a couple of times, but nothing like this."

"The course of true love ne'er did run smooth." I gave him back the photographs. "What's my job? Do I give her plastic surgery or kick the shit out of young Richard Burton?"

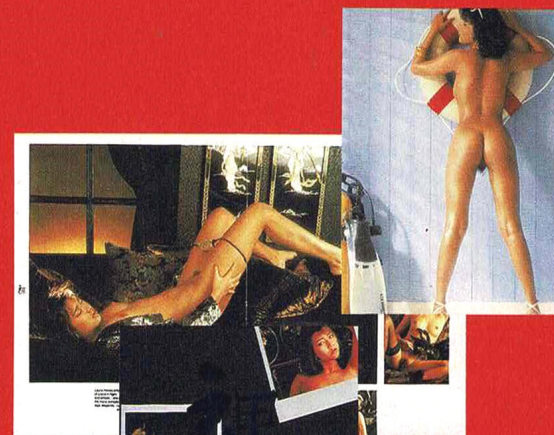
"Neither. She's patched up already. But a week later, she discharged herself from hospital. Next thing, I got this."

The paper was ivory, thick, with the ragged edge that indicated it was handmade. No address, just a discreet embossed emblem of a falcon's head.

"Dear Mr Dunne. Pixie Lewis has been my house guest for some weeks. She has recovered from her recent difficulties and is anxious to return to work. For obvious reasons, she would feel safer doing so

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# 裸 NUDE



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## nbdy crs

with a reliable escort. I assume you would wish to send someone of your own choice. I look forward to hearing from you. Cordially. . . "I couldn't read the signature.

"Name's Ariel Liston." He took back the letter. "So, want the job? It's worth a couple of grand. Plus exes."

"Two thousand for a pick-up? I'm grateful and all that, Jack, but what's wrong with RSL cabs? They're in the book."

"They don't go to Beverly Hills."

"Beverly Hills? Out behind Cronulla?"

"Beverly Hills in fucking *California*," he said, "you tit."

We dropped off the San Diego freeway at Wilshire Boulevard and took Veteran north to Sunset. On one side of the road, screened by gums, white tombstones marched over acres of green lawn. Like all doctors, those at the Veterans' Administration Hospital buried their failures. Opposite, girls jogged on the running track that skirted the walls of UCLA, a frieze of brown legs, big tits, knit shirts, white shorts, Reeboks, Walkmans at waist and earphones clamped over blonde, ponytailed hair. They ran on dead men's bones but paid no heed. At their age, neither had I.

Ornate plaster gates loomed up and we glided past a couple of hard cases in blue uniforms with "Bel Air Patrol" on their beefy arms. Private law — the sign of real wealth.

The narrow, leafy, winding roads of Bel Air have no footpaths. If you don't have a car and a place to go, you shouldn't be up there.

I stepped out and breathed the warm, aromatic air of St Cloud Road. There was smog of a sort, but it was one-third wild thyme, one-third Chanel No 5 and one-third money.

"You want me to wait?" Shapiro asked.

I looked at the tall black painted railings with gilded spikes, and the smooth lawn and white crushed-marble drive on the other side. Not the kind of place I'd expect to be mugged.

"She'll be right, mate. We'll get a cab to the airport."

Looking offended, he said: "A limo's at your disposal all the time you're here, Mr Noakes. Just call the service. They'll have a car here within half an hour. And in case you decide to stay over, we keep a permanent suite at the St James Club." He handed me his card. "That's my office and home number there. Call me, day or night."

I took the card. "Jack Dunne carries some weight here then."

Shapiro said carefully: "We're real happy to have Mr Dunne as a client." He glanced at the gate with respect. "But Ms Liston's been with WMI for more than ten

years. She's also on our board of directors."

He climbed back into the limo and allowed himself a small, sly smile.

"Enjoy, Mr Noakes," he said.

I was still wondering what he meant when the gates whirled open.

It was the kind of blank-fronted, two-storey mansion where General Sternwood lived in *The Big Sleep* and Terry Lennox in *The Long Goodbye*. History. Walking to the front door, I looked for that other standard character, the chauffeur/bodyguard who'd glance up from washing the big car to shoot me a narrow, dangerous stare as I passed.

There wasn't any chauffeur, but plenty of cars and all of them needed a wash. A Rolls Royce Corniche in iridescent blue sat next to a tomato-red Porsche Targa with no front bumper and a crumpled offside mudguard, and a cream Mercedes 440. The Merc's number plate

6

"He climbed back into the limo and allowed himself a sly smile. 'Enjoy', he said. . ."

,

said NBDY CRS.

The butler, like all the help in Los Angeles, was Mexican. Who's parking cars and cleaning pools in Mexico City? Probably the Guatemalans.

"Mr Noakes?"

I stepped out of the heat into a room chill enough for ice skating.

"Senora is in the library."

A staircase curved to a second floor and, as I crossed the hall, a man and a girl came down. He was tall, slim, grey, balding but disguising it well, with some careful brushing and fluffing that almost hid the tanned scalp.

The girl was about 18. Tall, straight, serious but sexy, like Ann-Margaret before she put on weight. Her clothes were collegiate; flat shoes, pleated grey wool skirt, green silk blouse. A fat plait of red-gold hair hung down her back.

At the foot of the stairs, they stopped. She let him peck her cheek. Daddy saying goodbye after visiting his daughter at college. Then he pulled open her blouse and for a few seconds fondled her heavy breasts. She smiled and glanced at me over his shoulder in resigned amusement.

I looked away and walked into the library.

"It isn't quite the way you imagined it."

I drank some more espresso. The cups were the hard white china you usually saw only in Italy.

"Some men expect a brothel to be straight from Toulouse-Lautrec," Ariel Liston went on. "Flock wallpaper. Girls in merry-widow waspies on red velvet couches."

"You're forgetting the black guy in a bowler hat and sleeve garters playing *I Wonder Where My Easy Rider's Gone* on an old Baldwin upright."

She grinned. It was a good smile, with one slightly crooked tooth at the edge to show it wasn't the work of some high-priced orthodontist.

"I should know better than to talk whorehouses with an Australian."

"To tell the truth, I'm more used to those places with a girl at the front desk who looks like a secretary, and the waiting room with the big loose-leaf album of Polaroids."

"And the free glass of Spanish champagne?" She smiled again. The rest of Ariel Liston was as unexpected as her smile. From her *cafe con leche* skin, she must have been at least half black, but the rest was French or Portuguese, making her skin the shade slave dealers had called "high yellow."

"We have plenty of those places." She looked away, towards the garden and the high wall that surrounded it. The Hollywood Hills were almost invisible in a blue haze. "Over in the Valley." From the way she talked about the dormitory suburbs on the other side, they might as well have been Afghanistan. "We serve a more demanding clientele."

"Like Andrew O'Hara?"

"Andy's an old friend, yes."

"Your girls don't mind him beating them up?"

She poured herself a cup of coffee, and refilled my cup.

"Why so censorious, Mr Noakes? Don't you secretly lust for, oh, two beautiful 16-year-olds in your bed, for instance?"

"What do we talk about afterwards? Motley Crue? The best place to get your legs waxed?"

"No tastes? No tendencies? No secret desires at all?"

"How about the love of a good woman? Or is that too kinky for you?"

"Not kinky, just extinct, in this town at least."

"That Merc with the vanity plate must be yours then."

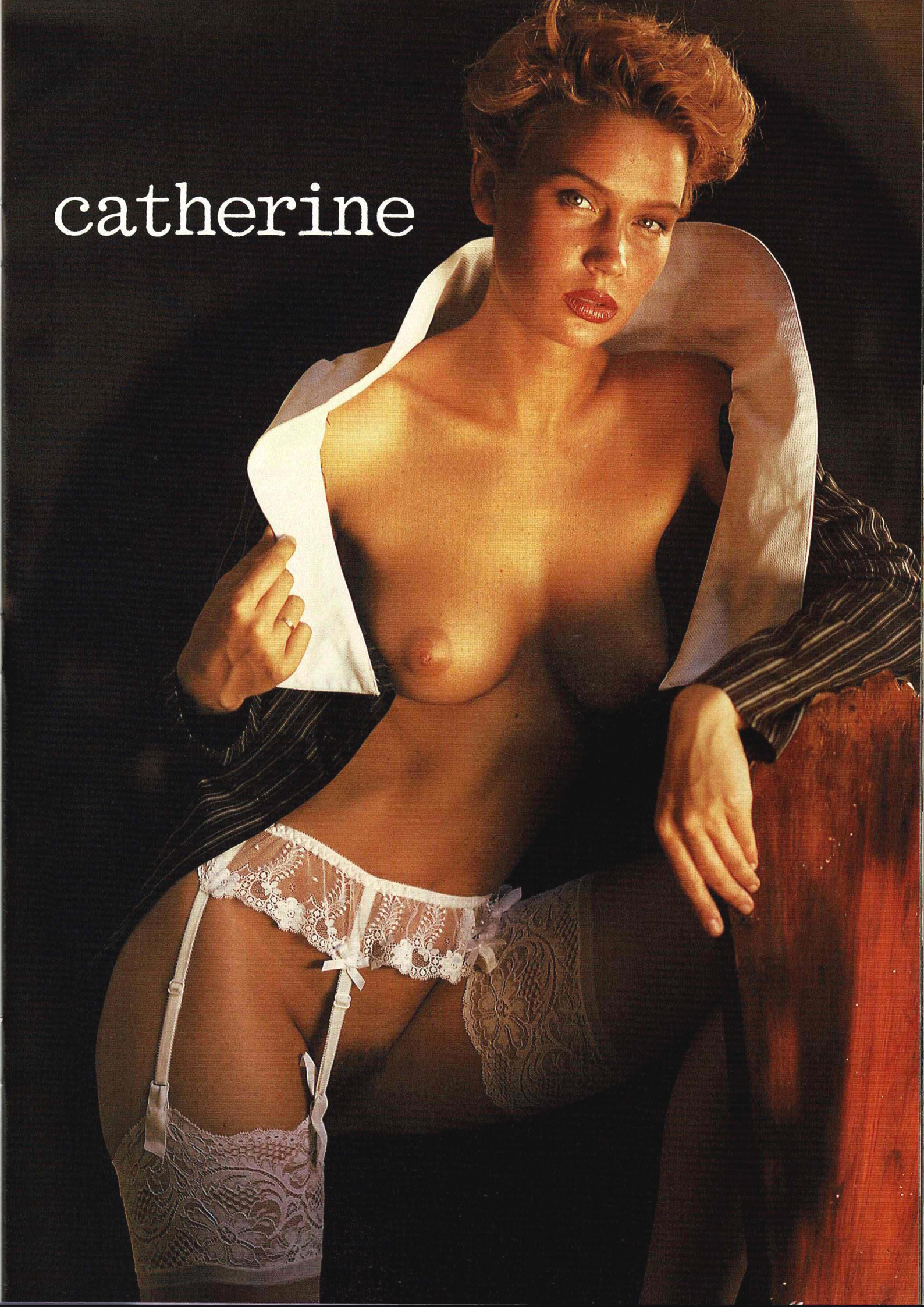
"A relic. I keep it to remind me you can't afford to care."

"Yet you took care of Pixie."

She sighed. "She confided in me." The crooked smile again. "It's an occupational

*Continued on page 80*

# catherine







PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

# executive decision

Twenty-year-old Catherine spends her days in an advertising agency in the city. "Advertising people have not got a good reputation these days," Catherine explains. "People think we lie, but we simply present the best case for our client, like a lawyer." She laughs: "That's not a good example is it?"







Catherine, 36-24-34, dedicates herself to her work. She's often called upon to attend dinners and formal functions with clients. "All I do is work, and work-out in the gym. I think discipline is the only way to success."







When asked what would tempt her away from her rigorous routine, Catherine answered: "I would love it if a man would just whisk me away to Fiji so we could wine, dine and make love for a week."



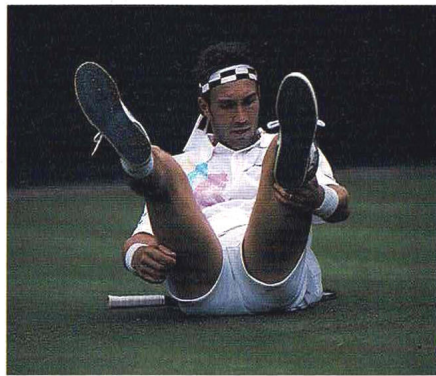












PROFILE BY RICHARD McKINNON  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROGER GOULD

**After a decade of giving himself to the Australian public, Pat Cash has decided to do something for himself.**

tennis; has started escaping a life that once was subjugated to the pressure he hates so much?

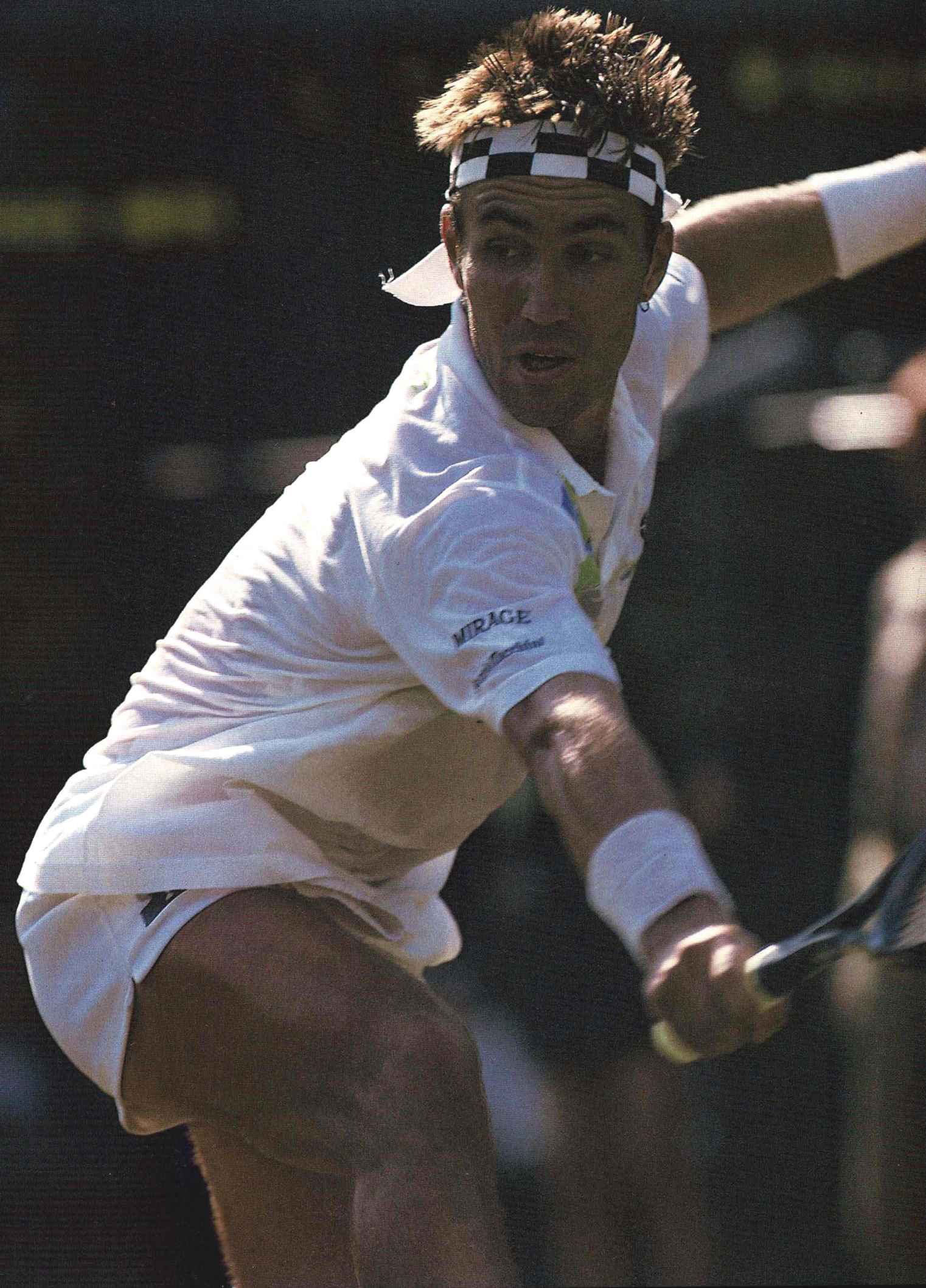
No. In fact, maybe the wonder is that Pat Cash held on so long. Remember how it was? A crowd alight as he became delirious and surged off up through the seats, past the bodies, up over the heads of the ever-so-pukka Wimbledon ticket holders, his aim to get to his family and supporters. The climb that had never been done before, and won't be again.

That brief, shining moment of glory was close to Pat Cash's best. In 1987, Cash cut down anyone who stood in his way with a brand of tennis that was heroic. His play, the constant attack at the net with a serve and volley game, demanded unvarying courage, unyielding concentration and acute focus. In 1987 he had those qualities. In fact, from mid-1986 until mid-1988, Cash was a genuine top-ten player, winning the 1986 Davis Cup for Australia, winning Wimbledon, and reaching the Australian Open finals twice, only to lose both in torrid five-set matches.

But from there, it's been downhill. He's had back injuries, heel injuries and a self-imposed absence from the game that stretched through most of the second half of 1991.

Now Cash is at a turning point. His heyday tennis is no longer possible if he keeps going

# yesterday's HERO





the way he did in 1991 — missing tournaments, playing here and there, doing only the things that interest him.

Since 1980 when he was 15 and runner-up in the Wimbledon Junior Championship, Cash's life has been public property. He has been talked about and written about. He played a game Australia loved. He was good. He came along just as a public starved of wins and winners was looking for someone to restore their sporting banner to the highest masts. But his determination to do everything his own way, plus one of the world's worst relationships with the media, put him under increasing strain.

Often, that has been a spur for Cash to overcome the odds he sees ranged against him. And luckily, nature endowed him with the body to play tennis to the highest level.

"A Ferrari body," says Davis Cup physio Geoff MacKay. "One of those rarities superbly suited to tennis."

Which, when he was at his best, gave Cash the authority to dictate conditions to everyone else both on and off the court. But along with that body, and the talent to hit a ball to remarkable places on the tennis court, nature gave Cash a hot temper and a pugnacious personality. It's a big, frightening, black Irish temper that he gets from his father. It towers over everything else in his life.

Cash is an Irish Catholic Australian, with all the good and bad temperament that such a description implies: he's open, honest and determined with friends; fiery and pugnacious; closed and wary with outsiders.

For a man that on the surface has such an unfavorable personal reputation, Cash likes to help people a lot. He likes to be liked. So, one night in 1990 after he finished playing an important tournament, he gave an interview. Unusual? No. Except that it was 12.30am in New York; his swish hotel lobby was deserted; his friends were upstairs and waiting; his wife wanted to go out to a nightclub; he had been having a very pleasant drink; but, because he had made a promise, he did what he said he would do.

The cleaners slowly rattled out the bottles and refuse of the day as Cash talked in a low voice about his life. About his tennis. Then, he was trying to "come back" after snapping his Achilles tendon in early 1989. Now, two years later, it's not what he said about tennis that is so pointed and poignant, but his words and thoughts about his life apart from sport.

It started a search back through tapes and fragments of interviews from his decade-long career to try and review the Cash phenomenon. The images flick by. Cash winning the Victorian Open at 17; grabbing the Davis Cup in 1983 at 18;

going to the semi-finals of Wimbledon and the US Open in 1984; his peak time through '87 and '88; the years since, trying to scratch back to the top.

There's the emergence of a Norwegian model, Anne-Britt Kristiansen, as his lover and live-in companion, and the arrival of two kids — Daniel, now six, and Mia, four. Then the subsequent split-up in early 1989.

There are the battles back from injuries — his back, then his leg, giving out. Appendicitis. Huge chunks of playing time missed while injured.

As more snatches of this story wind by, almost every turn produces more paradoxes. The Wimbledon winner who barely plays the game. The brilliant athlete never satisfied. The man with the angry image so friendly when not on show. The Catholic who fathered two children out of marriage. The intensely devoted family man. The patriotic Australian who lives in London.

"There are so many things that I've been through that mentally I could be 45 or 65. I really feel as if my life has been a roller coaster," says Cash calmly. "Because I did well early, there were these horrendous expectations in Australia. It's been hard to live up to those expectations."

"Especially after I won Wimbledon, people thought I should win all the time. Well you can't. And I would never say that I'm going to win — just that I'll do my best. I mean, my standards are pretty high and I always think that I can do a lot better."

"I think the goal is to ultimately play the best tennis you can play; if you can honestly return and say: 'I did everything I could to make myself as good as I could', you can't really ask anything more of yourself."

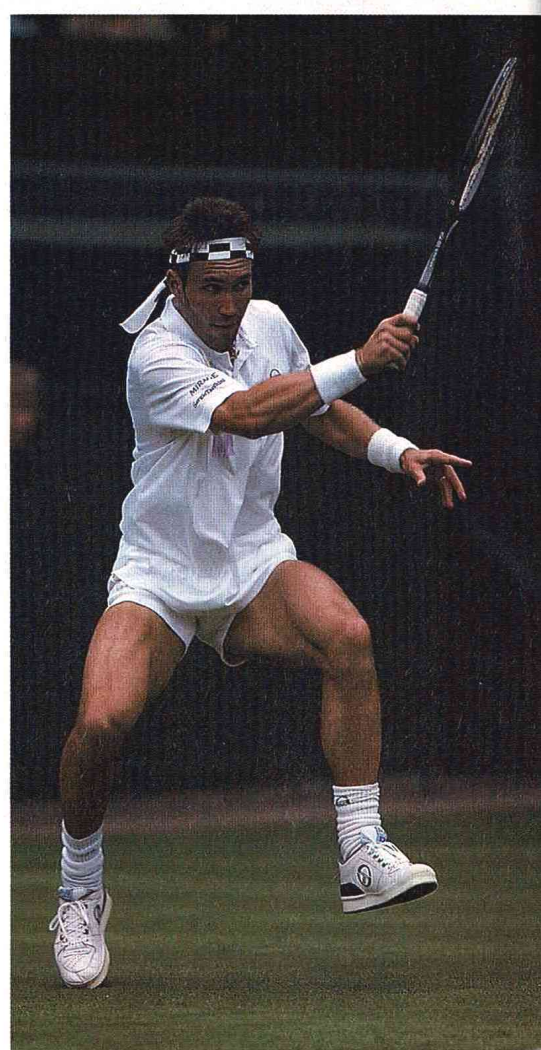
This is the heart of the Cash dilemma. Since his early teens, he was groomed to play tennis. He left school at 15 undereducated. He became a professional as soon as he could.

"It was hard travelling when I was 15, but it makes you tough," he explains a little wearily. But that life robbed him of something more precious — growing-up time.

Anne-Britt, however bitterly, has said since their split: "It's a very sad story. He's been travelling around the world since he was 14. He missed out on a normal life. He went from being a kid to being a man with two children and no time for being free and young."

Pat Cash never had the chance that most other people do to find out what he wanted or where he wanted to go. It was pre-ordained. He was going to be a tennis star. He had his parents, he had his life-long coach Ian Barclay, he had sports psychologists; he had physical trainers like Ann Quinlan. Eventually he had The Entourage. They were all centred around Pat Cash, tennis player.

Sure, anyone with half an eye could see



that he had the talent, that he had the goods to go to the top. But the boy? The man? Secondary. This was a lad who became an industry. The night he won Wimbledon may have taken more out of Cash than we imagined. Anne-Britt was reported as saying that Cash was up half the night repeatedly asking: "Is that all there is?"

The "Big W" was always the Cash goal. His style of game, his background, pointed him to its hallowed grass courts. He has always played his best there. That year he simply was the best.

"No-one has seen my absolute best, but it was as good as I could have played then," Cash reflected about the day.

When he returned to Melbourne and was given the Freedom of the City, he seemed relaxed. Gerard Wright of the *Sunday Age* thought that "we were seeing a matured new Cash." But what most people couldn't understand was the tremendous effort of will that it had taken for Cash to reach that peak. As well, he was confronted with a new situation. He was The Champion. People would be out after him. They soon were. Inadvertently he had achieved his cherished goal only to turn the screws on himself.

Quickly, too, there were more injuries that took him out of the game. And he fell in love. In 1989 he met Emily Bendit in



**The man with the Ferrari body — in action on the court (left) and exchanging shop talk with Wally Massur.**

London. Cash recalls it as the happiest time of his life. "I was infatuated and I was carefree; I just did the things that I wanted and had to do."

This is a man whose eyes light up when talking about the period of just hanging out with Emily. He was happy doing unexceptional things like going to nightclubs, enjoying a few drinks, playing some rock guitar. At 24 he had never before done anything like it for any length of time. It proved there was life beyond tennis.

But tennis sweeps on.

Perpetual top-tenner Brad Gilbert dismisses Cash: "When you get injured you just want to come back; it's a lonely feeling being out, but at least you play a match in your mind every day; but when you take six months off it'll cost you two years. Cash will never play with the form he once had."

And from the lofty heights that shelter Cash's contemporary and one-time close rival, world number one Stefan Edberg: "There's very little chance of Cash making it back to the top: in fact it's almost impossible. Yes, it's sad that he's not there mainly because of injuries. But of course, he was never right at the top. He won Wimbledon and made it to number seven in the world, but it's a long way back when you go down. And you can't take too much time off these days — you lose too much ground."

After the loss at Wimbledon last year, Cash sacked his entourage the next day. Or rather, his father negotiated them off the payroll. It was a decisive break with his past. But nothing grew to replace it.

Pat and Emily went on holiday to the

Caribbean. Then they drove through America. His break away from serious competitive tennis lengthened. The break stemmed from a reluctance to confront the realities of top-flight tennis again; to confront the pressures. Which means, incredibly, the unlikely situation has been reached where one of the world's best players doesn't play all that much. It's a diabolical impasse. The only person who can solve it is Cash. Yet he shows no interest in resuming full-on tennis.

But will he hang around for money? Cash has earned \$1,645,934 through his career. He did have high expenses, constantly flying himself and his entourage around the globe. Plus he owns houses in London and Florida, and an apartment in Port Douglas. If he plays the odd exhibition match, keeps the odd endorsement and plays the odd doubles match, he will avoid the real competitive pressure and he could easily pull in \$400,000 a year. So perhaps he has money pressures, but not sufficient to keep him in singles against his will.

Will his friends and acquaintances talk? They are hesitant. The wrong word can cost friendship in the Cash clan. And they are certainly cautious to the press.

"Comparing Pat Cash to Mats Wilander is like comparing a crack in the wall to the Grand Canyon," read the copy in John Newcombe's *Daily Telegraph* column one day in the mid-Eighties. In fact, Newk hadn't seen that little zinger before it went to press — it was his ghost writer, John Thirsk, who wrote the article. Cash was never the most accommodating player in the game, but after that, his wariness and hostility reached fever point.

"The Australian press are the only ones where I really feel uncomfortable because while I see and know a few of the regulars, others pop up. You don't know whether they're in for a good interview or not," Cash said at the time.

Not that Cash didn't create much of his own trouble. The ultimate low point was the 1989 Australian Open when Cash lost to Stefan Edberg, then followed up with a reluctant press conference. It was remarkable. He simply walked in, looked around and let it all go.

"I just didn't want to do the conference," he said later, "but someone talked me into it. Then when they asked me what was wrong, I said I was sick. Well they kept on, so not wanting to make excuses, I just said whatever I wanted."

Such as:

Q. Are you taking antibiotics?

A. Why, do you think I've got the jack?

Q. Have you been sick for long?

A. Yeah, I was on the rags.

Suddenly this was what a majority of the press had been waiting for: conclusive proof, on camera, that Cash was a jerk. Or maybe they were just shocked at the crude display. Whatever, that interview set up a pounding condemnation that crashed away at Cash's image.

"Yeah, I regret saying those things. . . Basically it was because I didn't want to make excuses. I said the wrong things, but only out of frustration at not wanting to sound like a whinger or complainer."

Overall, it's hard to know what came first: his shell and reluctance to talk (which incites journalists) or the intrusions which forced his reserve and distance.

"Yeah, I've had a bit of guys trying to get me in press conferences. Trying to trip me up. So for a long time I was very closed. I just didn't know who was going to screw me. I knew 90 percent of people were going to screw me, and I didn't know the 10 percent who weren't, so for years I didn't bother talking to people."

Winsor Dobbin of Associated Press says: "There are two Pat Cashes: one who talks to you very reasonably in a one-on-one situation — a bright, seemingly normal human being. The second is an aggressive, ridiculous press-conference persona where any slight perceived is attacked brutally."

"I mean, you go into a conference never knowing what to expect. It's not that he's adverse to using the press, just that he wants it on his terms."

As always, the circle is complete. Cash on his terms. Take me as I am or not at all. Get back. Stay away. It's the exact reason why people have found his behavior hard to understand over the years.

Talk to almost anyone in the game and they all answer the same thing. First, on the record: "It's up to Cash — if he wants to and if he makes up his mind, he can get back up there," observes Bill Bowery, Australia's National Coach.

Off the record, everyone (not Bill — everyone) agrees that Cash will not get back to the very top of tennis. And the really bizarre thing is that it's the way that he wants it. It stops the pressure. Stops it dead. It's his ultimate paradox. 





Cameo and Sunset were getting ready to go out and do a double strippogram together. But it was a hot afternoon and Sunset was so horny she could barely think straight. She sneaked up behind Cameo and ran a fingernail down her spine. "Feel like a cocktail?" she whispered. Cameo admitted that she might be open to persuasion. "But you have to show me exactly what you want me to do," she breathed.

PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY SUZE RANDALL

## thieves of time







Sunset then did everything she could think of to focus Cameo's attention. She breathed, licked, sucked, stroked and dipped, until her friend was ready to explode. Then she turned around so that Cameo could return the favor. Together they stole the afternoon for themselves, rising and falling on exquisite waves of tension and release. While in an office in the city an executive frowned at his watch and a double-strippogram failed to arrive.













# advisor

## Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

### Smell test

I enjoy performing oral sex with my partner. There is nothing I like better than going down on her gorgeous pussy and getting her love juices flowing hot and strong. If she is really lucky I go down on her after I've come. This drives her absolutely crazy. However, after I've been down on her, she is reluctant to kiss me. She says that she doesn't like the smell of herself. Do the majority of women feel the same way?

We've never conducted an extensive survey on that! I do know that, just like your girlfriend, a lot of women love it if their partner goes down after he's come. I also know that a lot of men don't like to, because they don't like the smell/taste of their own semen.

Most women would be familiar enough with their own smell not to be too bothered. Many would find it a turn-on. I think your girlfriend's being rather finicky, particularly since you picked up her smell while giving her pleasure. Buy her a peg and tell her to wear it on her nose at the crucial moment.

### Mr Average

I am 19; my girlfriend and I make love often. Both do our best to please each other in every aspect of lovemaking. I pride myself on my sexual prowess, being able to maintain an erection for two to three hours on average, and being able to regain an erection shortly after orgasm. Most importantly, however, is the fact that I can drive her to multiple orgasms every time.

I have one problem: my penis is only five-and-a-half inches long. I know size has nothing to do with one's ability to satisfy a woman, but for my own peace of mind I would like to be more visibly impressive. At our first group sex experience she was impressed by the sight of my friend's thick nine-inch penis.



Her body is perfect in every detail and I would like to be the same. I'm tired of being average. Do penis enlargers and developers work? Are there any dangers? Where can I get more information?

The short answer is, no they don't work. What you've got is what you get to keep — that's just the luck of the draw, sweetie. There is no way, in 1992, that you can turn an average five-inch donger into a nine-inch IBM. You can try — what you'll get is a five-inch penis that hurts. If you want to be more visually impressive, stick to group sex with blindfolds.

### Coming and going

I have been sexually active for four years and have only reached orgasm once during that time. I love sex but never seem to climax. I know I'm good when it comes to turning men on and seem to drive them wild with the things I do, so why don't I ever orgasm? I have a boyfriend whom I love very much and I know it upsets him to know I am never totally fulfilled when we have sex.

Some women never have orgasms, but since you've had at least one, you're not one of them. You may be really good at turning men on — that's nice for the men. But sex is more than just performing for the other partner; you need to be turned on yourself. A woman can come during intercourse, or not; or she can come clitorally, or both. You need to know what works best for you. If you don't come during intercourse, perhaps you need

clitoral stimulation as well. Also, the one thing that stalls an orgasm is thinking that you MUST have one. Often, the more you try, the further away it gets.

Orgasm isn't a fait accompli — many women say it takes concentration and a definite mental focus during sex to be consistently orgasmic. It sounds as though you need to explore your own needs more thoroughly. It might be beneficial to do this through masturbation, rather than with your boyfriend. If you are on your own, you are then freed from any outside pressure to come, or in fact, to perform at

all. Just for a change, concentrate on driving yourself wild.

### Nipple kicks

If I lick my girlfriend's nipples in a particular way, she apparently has some sort of orgasm. I didn't think it was possible, but she swears it's for real. What do you think?

Yes, it's quite possible. A small percentage of women experience extragenital orgasm. It can be from nipples, ears, hands or whichever bit turns a particular woman on.

### Whoops

I recently went on holiday and had a fling while away. I didn't use a condom. Not long afterwards I developed a couple of really itchy blisters on my dick. I put some antiseptic on them and they cleared up, but they keep coming back. Is this something I might have caught? I'm really embarrassed to go to a doctor.

It's hard to tell without actually seeing the problem, but the symptoms you describe are similar to those of genital herpes. It would have been sexually transmitted and it's recurrent. You can't get rid of the virus itself, but you can have the symptoms treated. Don't be embarrassed — see your GP. Herpes is virulently infectious at the blister phase, so you had best keep your penis to yourself while you have blisters. Take heart, though — herpes often vanishes after the first few attacks, and only reasserts itself when you're stressed or run down. And in fu-

ture, use condoms when sleeping with strangers.

### Dick depression

I have about 15 holes on the underside of my dick where hairs once grew (I think), out of which I can sometimes squeeze a small amount of white stuff. The holes are rather large and look horrible. When my girlfriend wants to go down on me (during the day) or with a light on at night, I won't let her because I'm too embarrassed for her to see them. I can also feel small lumps all over when I get the skin between my fingers. I really would like a wonder cream but would consider a skin graft if there were to be no scars. As this problem is on my mind a lot, I am very depressed.

The spots sound like whiteheads or infected hair follicles. There is probably medication you can apply to clear up any infection, but there isn't much you can do about scars which are already there. Vitamin E might help. Instead of moping and letting this wreck your sex life, take your dick down to your local GP. If you are embarrassed about seeing a doctor, don't be — they're used to it and they are there to help. He'll be able to look at the problem and tell you what to do about it. I very much doubt, though, that any doctor would recommend a skin-graft. Just for the record, you aren't the only bloke in the world with spots of some sort on his dick; many have enlarged hair follicles, pimples (and associated scars), warts, scars from catching the thing in a zip and heck knows what else. It's probably a minor problem that you're blowing out of proportion.

### Sounds of silence

My girlfriend and I have a hot sex life, but she always makes a racket when she comes. I don't mind, but then she complains that I come too quietly. I suppose I got into the habit while masturbating at school, but she says it's weird that I don't make any noise at all. She says she doesn't even know when I come, and that it's unusual. I don't see why it should be.

Most guys at least grunt or groan or breathe heavily when they come — they can't help it. Some therapists theorise that restraining yourself sound-wise can restrict your orgasm. That may not be the

case, but sound does help your partner know what you're doing. The odd groan isn't too much for her to ask, is it? Let yourself go a little.

### Footsy

My boyfriend likes feet. He likes to suck my toes one by one, and lick the soles of my feet. It feels fantastic and is a huge turn-on, except that my feet are ugly and I feel really embarrassed. I'm also not turned on by feet, and don't much like the idea of sucking his. He says he doesn't care, that it's my feet he's after and that he's quite happy to settle for having his stiffie sucked instead. What should I do?

Lie back, relax and enjoy it. Why be embarrassed? He obviously likes your feet as they are. If you're self-conscious, scrub 'em up a bit. And if you don't want to suck his feet and don't have to, what's the problem? Just concentrate on giving top head.

### Seven-month itch

I have been going out with my girlfriend for nearly seven months. She is my first long-term girlfriend. And up until now, things have been great.

Before I met her I led a very active

your girlfriend or play the field. Sure you could do both... for a while. But you're not being honest to yourself or your girlfriend. You must decide whether your "urge" is permanent, or simply a passing preoccupation due to your inexperience with relationships.

You may find that after you push through this barrier your urges subside and the relationship becomes great again. However, you simply may not be ready for a long-term relationship. In which case, you should inform your girlfriend of the situation.

### Spotty

I'm 19 and I've got pimples. I think these stupid zits are like a neon sign proclaiming my lack of a sex life. If I was wearing a sign that said I wasn't getting laid, I couldn't draw any more attention to myself. I decided to pay a prostitute for sex in the hope that my pimples would clear up. But as it turned out the sex wasn't so hot and the zits are still blooming.

Pimples are simply an inflammation of the skin affecting some people during puberty and beyond. They are usually the result of hormonal changes in the body and can appear on the face, neck, back



sexual life, sleeping with a different girl a week — on average. Lately I'm getting the urge to start sowing my wild oats again. I catch myself flirting and perving at other girls. I don't want to lose my girlfriend but these urges are getting stronger and stronger. What do I do?

You have a decision to make: stay with

and chest. The idea that they are connected to sexual activity — or a lack of it — is a complete myth. Sex won't get rid of your pimples. A healthy diet, fresh air and exercise will go a long way towards clearing them away. If you are healthy and your skin has cleared up a bit, you might be more confident about finding yourself a girlfriend. O—



hazard. I couldn't see her stuck here, alone and sick; not in this town."

"What about O'Hara?"

"He's been here every day. You believe in love, Mr Noakes. You'd be quite touched by how devoted they are."

I blinked. "Devoted?"

"Certainly." She was surprised that I was surprised.

"But — didn't he put her in hospital?"

"Well, yes. But the circumstances. . . ." She shook her head, as if clearing out a set of misconceptions. "I don't think you quite understand."

We both heard the scrape of a car braking hard on the gravel outside, and the door chimed. The butler opened the door — and, a moment later, yelped loud enough to be heard in the library.

Before either of us could get up, Andy O'Hara stood in the doorway.

You could see what women liked about him. He had the casual power of a young bull, and that go-to-hell Irish look. You knew he'd drink all day, fuck all night and be ready to do the same again by morning.

I hated his guts immediately.

"Where is she?"

Ariel stood up and moved between him and the door.

"Mr Noakes has come to take her back, Andy. It's for the best. You know that, and so does Pixie. Be sensible."

"I want to see her."

"You can't."

"Who's going to stop me?" He looked at me with the contempt a Ferrari owner accords a Volkswagen. "Him?"

"If necessary," I said.

He turned towards the door just as Pixie came in.

In real life her hair was more blonde, her bad-little-schoolgirl carnality more flagrant. They'd done a good job on her face. Except for some puffiness over the cheekbone, she was as good as new. She was carrying a large shoulder bag, and there was a look about her of someone ready to leave.

O'Hara headed towards her.

I grabbed his shoulder and tried to pull him around. I might as well have manhandled a forklift. When he turned, it was in his own good time, and the look on his face was unpleasant.

"Get your hands off me."

"Only when you're out of this house, sonny."

He telegraphed his round-house right so early I could have gone out for pizza while I waited. Ducking inside the punch, I slid my hand up over his chin and hooked two fingers deep into his nostrils.

He was too astonished to move for a moment, then he tried to pull his head back — and stopped, wincing, as I gripped and yanked.

We were face to face. I stared into alarmed blue eyes brimming with tears of pain.

"Do that again and I'll rip your nostrils open. Sure, they'll sew you up. But you'll never look the same. You ready to start playing boozers and ex-boxers? Or will you behave?"

He nodded as well as he was able, and

I slowly let him go. My heart was pounding, and I couldn't focus my eyes. When the anger faded, O'Hara was in front of a mirror, carefully feeling his red and swollen nose.

Pixie stood in front of him, crooning and kissing his face. She glared at me, tears and mascara streaking her cheeks.

"You fucking bully!"

Ariel put her hand on my arm and led me gently over to the window.

"You don't understand, Mr Noakes. The beatings. The pain. That's their turn-on. Pixie enjoys it."

I called for the limo while Pixie went upstairs with O'Hara to "say goodbye." I wondered what he used: probably his belt.

"You've got some nice things." I nodded at the glass falcon's head on the mantelpiece, the original of the one on her note paper. "Lalique?"

"They used them as car radiator ornaments in the Twenties. Can you imagine? It wouldn't last half an hour on Hollywood Boulevard today."

"Why the falcon? On your paper, I mean."

"There's a poem. 'Here is your emblem. . . bright power, dark peace; fierce consciousness joined with final disinterestedness.'"

"Robinson Jeffers," I said. "Miserable old bastard."

"He had no illusions. In my business, you learn to appreciate that."

Pixie came back into the room, tearful but alone. A few moments later, the tyres of O'Hara's car screeched on the driveway outside. Not quite Lancelot riding off into the sunset, but as lovers' partings went, it was as good as Los Angeles had to offer.

"Ready?" she said to me.

The St James Club is like a mausoleum to the death of art deco. The bar furniture is ebony black, and a pianist at a Thirties Steinway plays devotional music for the deceased. He'd gone through *Just One Of Those Things* and *It's All Right With Me* and *I'll Be Around* and *Green Dolphin Street*. I hummed along and, as the second and third and fourth Glenlivets worked their numbing magic, even sang under my breath.

I should have seen the woman earlier, but she came in quietly, on little cat feet, and it took me a while to sense that someone shared my shadowy corner. You wouldn't call her pretty, but there was a watchful air about her that I liked.

"Would you care to dance?"

She put down her Tanqueray and tonic, took off her glasses, walked over to the pianist, put a five-dollar bill in the brandy balloon on top of the piano and murmured in his ear. As she came into my arms, he drifted into the first bars of *All The Things*

Continued on page 128

# PSYCARLOGY

**Motor vehicles maketh the man**

HUMOR BY ROBERT ENGLISH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUG LOCKYER



## STORYLINES

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# The Volvo

The man who drives a Volvo is the man who has always used a condom — even before the AIDS scare. Safety in all things is imperative. If he's a doctor, he will always don two pairs of rubber gloves before an operation, and three should he have to stick his finger into any aperture, including the ear. If he's a lawyer, he will take out double indemnity insurance. As an engineer he will never build anything that might fall down.

Thus his whole professional life is limited to designing or supervising the erection of golf courses and fish farms.

Have you ever seen a Volvo in the car park at the racetrack? Maybe two or three, but they no doubt would belong to stipendiary stewards who, of course, are not allowed to bet. Should the Volvo man have been a prisoner of war, you would have always found him in the latrine or skulking by the wire each time the escape committee was meeting.

Volvo owners always drive in the middle lane, even if it lengthens their



trip to a neighboring suburb by a few hours. As an ex-friend of mine once said: "Most of them drive like old people fuck." The alarms they choose are the most expensive and elaborate available.

Although the Volvo man doesn't gamble, there will be the odd occasion when he slips a spare 20 cents into a poker machine as he leaves the golf club. And hits the \$20 jackpot. He considers this so incredible that he recounts the incident at dinner parties for the next 30 years.

The Volvo man will chew his food 45 times before swallowing. He will, with fastidious regularity, floss his teeth after

brushing. He uses pesticides with extreme caution. When he travels, he will always select a hotel room which is closest to the fire escape and will, in most public lavatories, place toilet paper around the seat, even if he's only having a leak.

The Volvo man doesn't like or trust boutique beers and will drink, until he dies, the brand he tasted that first day out of high school. He will not swim off Sydney beaches, nor will his children. It doesn't matter that much because all Volvo men have a pool, and attached to the wall is a chlorine regulator which is checked at 8.30 every Saturday morning

just before he wipes a greasy rag over the working parts of his lawnmower.

As for sex, it would be rare indeed if you should ever hear a blood-curdling *whoop* escape from a Volvo owner upon reaching some sort of careful climax. When making love, whether male or female, they will tend to keep their feelings to themselves lest they be considered at a disadvantage. They are very proud people, these Volvo owners, and letting escape even a low groan of orgasmic pleasure is the equivalent of an Oriental losing face.

In the same vein, their families are always carefully planned. None of this



"Oh, he was a mistake" bullshit. And the reason they always send their children to private schools is because public schools don't have car parks. Off-street parking is essential to Volvo owners.

In summary, the male Volvo driver is conservative, cautious, unimaginative, fastidious, neurotic, caring, solid, sexually unambitious and the sort of prick you always run into when attending a job interview that means the difference between life and death.

As for female Volvo owners, I wouldn't have a clue because I don't know any. They always drive their husband's car.

## The Mercedes

Unlike the Volvo set, there are two types of Mercedes owners. Firstly, there are

what you could call "The Establishment" — those who purchased their vehicles way back before the Mercedes became an "Eat It Jack" status symbol. The car represented, in turn, wealth, power and success.

The second type are the dickheads who, by means of the freed-up finance legislation, are able to go into a showroom and flash an overdrawn Amex card and a bodgy balance sheet and drive out on a promise of yuppie potential, clutching a fast and loose lease agreement. They can usually cope with the first three monthly payments, but after that they don't give a stuff because by then they will have achieved their goal — convincing the bimbos who hang out at nightclubs like Rogues and The Cauldron that they have, indeed, made it. Among these Slipstreamers are real estate agents, bankrupt property developers, failed solicitors, TV sports broadcasters and apprentice butchers.

After three months their cars can be seen abandoned in disused brickyards

and neglected open-space areas of the industrial fringe of the city.

But back to the Establishment. They're the older brigade with white moustaches and grey leather waistcoats who didn't have their first affair in marriage until the Sixties told them it was okay. They run handed-down businesses associated with textiles, tea and coffee, wool, leather and rubber products. A few of the more adventurous later got mixed up with plastics. They first met their wives at debutante balls where both were introduced to the Governor, and were duly married after four years of cautious and chaperoned courting, the males gasping out their first non-solitary orgasm on their wedding night..

These men are usually on the Board of Trustees of private schools and universities and each will be a director of about 100 public companies. Some of them are knights. They appear like clockwork in the Members' Bar at rugby internationals and cricket Tests.

Sometimes these old goats are pulled



up for being over the prescribed alcohol limit and this usually grabs a sensational headline in the tabloids. Strangely, the matter is never heard of again.

The sex life of the Establishment ranges from sparse to nil, but he has many memories. Although he has a history of premature ejaculation, he has always considered his performance to be "a bloody good show." His wife, too, always regarded his efforts as quite adequate.

Now, back to the Slipstream. In the old days a Mercedes numberplate would be no different from any other — just a simple black-and-white letter-and-number job with perhaps the initials of the owner proudly displayed. Now they all seem to have a message such as 4-PLAY, 2-TIMER, SIXTY-9 or PISSSED.

The younger Mercedes driver likes to hit other cars. The damage to his vehicle is normally little more than a scratch but the other car is always a write-off. Thus they will change lanes without notice, wander through red lights at random and crunch the car in front and behind when attempting a tight park.

Mercedes are most often seen double-parked outside banks, exclusive clubs, discos, Rugby Union ovals and the Court of Criminal Appeal. They are never seen outside the Taxation Office, greyhound meetings, the St Vincent De Paul building or any church. The hardened Mercedes driver lives and abides by the adage:

"Always get your first serve in, never open the batting, and yes, I will have another one, thank you."

Because the Mercedes is such a high-tech vehicle it requires little effort and absolutely no skill to drive and maintain. Accordingly, the people who choose it as their car are usually dense to the point of stupidity, senile, or just plain lazy. They would never, for instance, be able to master a four-gear shift and should they get a flat, they will usually abandon the car and go and buy another.

## The Four Wheel Drive

As with the Merc, there are two types of owners of these hideous vehicles. First, there is the man who has absolutely no intention of ever venturing into the country — or even

into suburbia — if he can help it. His car is purchased purely for prestige and you can see him on his way to the office, sitting up as high as an interstate haulage driver, looking down at lesser men in normal cars.

On Saturday mornings he drives to hardware stores and picks up an assortment of goods he will never use, such as nails, screws, hammers, ladders and power drills, which he then stacks in his garage to show guests at his Sunday barbecues. Everyone thus assumes he is a rough-driving macho handyman who spends all his spare time building that cabin in the Warrumbungles where the only access up the mountain is the muddy tracks left by his last visit.

In fact, this man is usually a bank teller, an accountant, a clerk at the Water Board or a theatre usher. In his childhood he was the only kid on the block who never had a train set.

When he eventually gets a woman between the sheets, the pair become mates for life and raise large families which only just fit into the expansive back area of his wonderful vehicle. Them and the two dogs, that is.

The 4WD man, who is usually called Eric or Fred or Barry or George, will spend quite a bit of his income on the necessary extras for his car. These include a ski-rack and a pair of skis which, of course, are never used or maybe some scuba-diving gear which is arranged casually but visibly in the back. Sometimes he adds a hunting rifle to this collection and will often throw in a couple of those steel-jawed animal traps. Others will just opt for a set of trout-fishing rods strapped to the roof. Another compulsory extra is the aerosol can of spray-on mud.

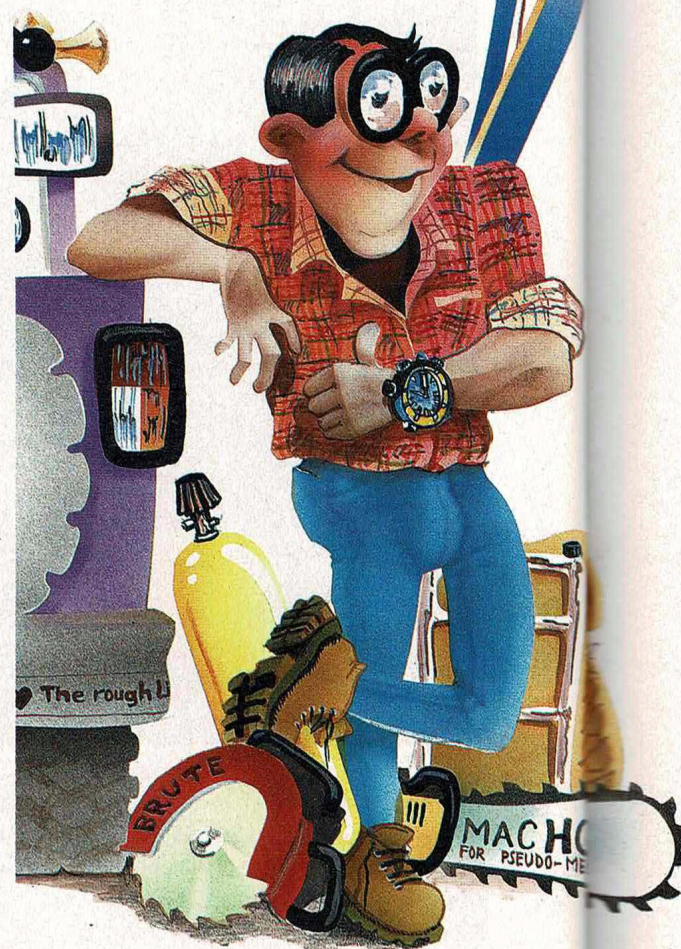
Eric or Fred (or whoever) always dresses very carefully in his leisure hours; for instance, when visiting the hardware store or friends' barbecues, he can usually be seen in jeans so tight they require him to walk like John Laws doing a car commercial and, later in life, require him to have operations on atrophied balls or worn out prostates.

The 4WD jerk will refer to his car as "the Jeep" or "the Rover" or "the Cruiser" and sometimes, if in a patronising mood, "the old wagon." His vehicle is never parked in the garage but always left in the drive, for all to see.

The second group of 4WD owners are the radical greenies who purchase them second, third, fourth or fifth-hand, depending on the amount of social

security they are receiving or the payout on their most recent compensation claim. These creatures really do venture into the bush, but unlike the jerks above, they dress more casually — usually in a torn singlet, a pair of shorts and 30-year-old laborer's boots purchased at the local markets.

A great percentage of this second group are women who reside in hostels or terrace houses with six or seven similar types who pool for rent. On their vehicle they plaster stickers with



messages which collectively make up a sort of auto gospel. Some of these stickers are profound and meaningful, such as: "Animals Don't Use Tampons — So Why Should We?" or "Men Are Scum", and so on.

On weekends, and armed with large government grants, they venture into the countryside to seek out loggers, trail-bike riders and dune-buggy arseholes. They claim that these people are destroying the ecology. However, what they don't realise is that their own stupid vehicle is doing far more harm to roads and trails, especially when under water, than their quarry. It only takes a couple of drivers of these so-called recreational vehicles to travel along a water-logged dirt road to render it impassable to the local residents.

## The White Car

They're everywhere — the little white Japanese car with the end that turns up at the back like a label flap. Mazda, Honda, Nissan, Mitsubishi — who the hell knows the difference? These cars are all the same shape — clones of clones, the result of mass in-breeding within the motor industry — and they're all white!

When they were introduced a couple of years back there was the inevitable rush to be the first Joe on the block to own one. Surveys have shown that the people who buy this car are the people who have always been into fads. If they're women — and many of these owners are — they would be those who once rushed out to buy jaffle irons, copper IUDs, plastic raincoats and Neil Diamond records.

If they're men they would have been first in on Cricket Ground gold passes, kit homes, macadamia nut farms or blocks of land in any swamp on the Queensland coast. And, of course, hair gel. They are the same men who switch from single to double-breasted suits and back again as regularly as Paul Keating rings Rome for the same reason. In other words, they are the marketing man's dream.

A generation ago they ran like lemmings to buy an HG Holden and all of them had the complete set of Beatles records. If they'd been American, they would have put Richard Nixon back in for a third term.

But back to the car. White is clean. White is fast. Clean lines and racy — with a raised flap at the back, as if you could drive up and join the starting grid of a Grand Prix event. It's a gimmick which must have been conceived in some yuppie whizz-kid's sweaty nightmare.

Women with white cars are usually fashion models or employed in the film industry, magazine editors, call girls or older women who have done well in the property settlement and are looking for adventure. They are the type who always wear dark glasses at night, but not during the day. And most of them wear designer silk scarves. This is not because they are trying to achieve a sort of Isadora Duncan blowing-in-the-wind effect, but simply to hide large and grotesque love-bites.

Women who drive white cars are usually very passionate and desperate for love and, like a defeated and surrendering animal, they will offer their throat or neck to a conquering lover. This guy is usually a dickhead who has been manipulated into

this entrapment by the shining prestige of her car.

Men who drive white cars don't have love-bites because most women consider them pretentious pricks.

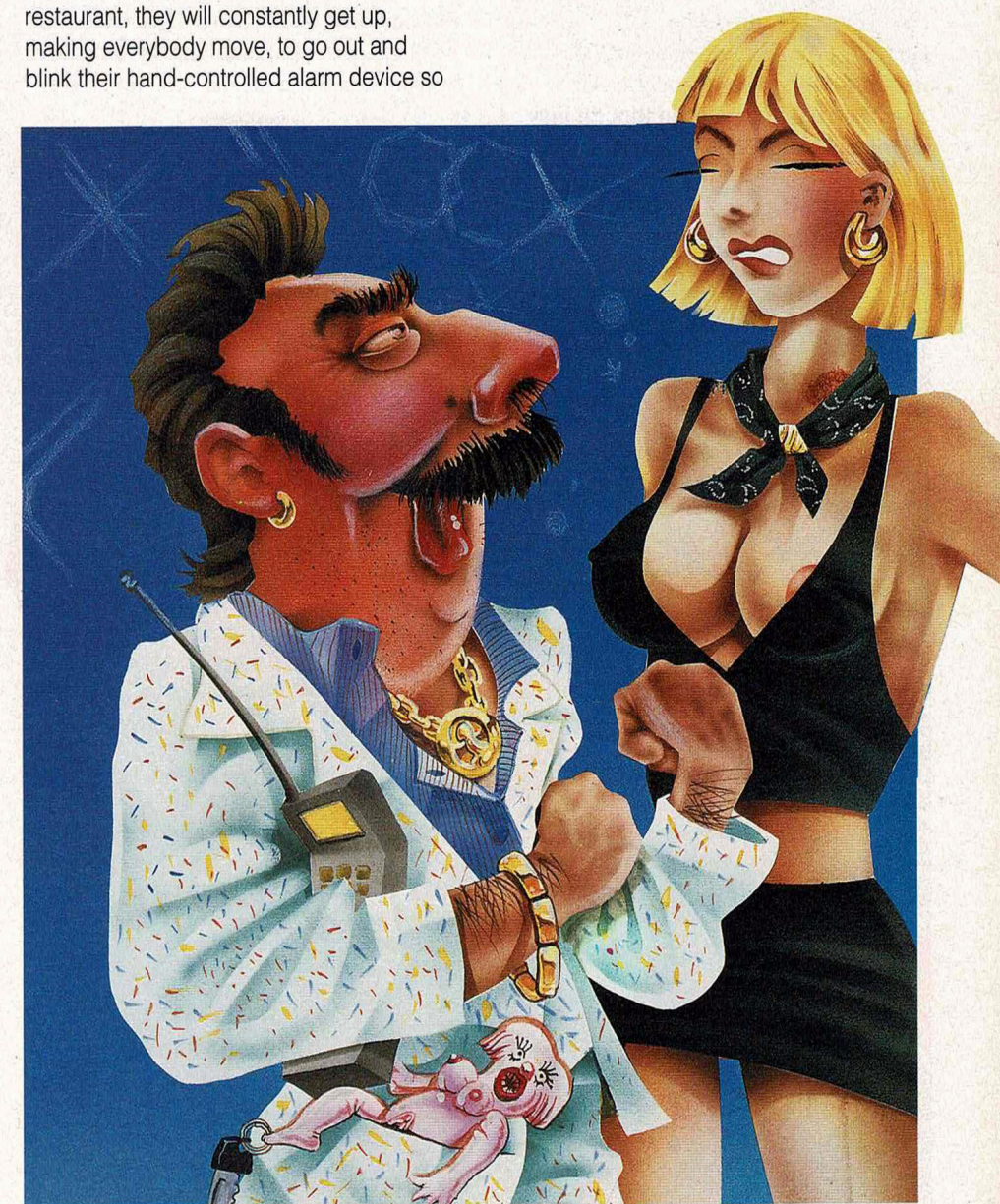
If you look closely at the men who drive white cars, you will notice a few common denominators. Firstly, most look as if they earn their living as spruikers outside sex shows. They're the sort of guys who, 40 years ago would have used Californian Poppy or Brylcreem. They are usually double-parked outside trendy coffee bars or all-night chemists. When they pay a restaurant bill they will flourish a wallet packed with credit cards, long expired, then tender cash.

When they drive they like to make a noise — usually a throaty growl. This is why they change gears three or four times between traffic lights no more than 100 metres apart. Going up and down hills and using the gear shift to overtake a Hillman Minx gives them an orgasm. And if they are comfortably seated for lunch in a restaurant, they will constantly get up, making everybody move, to go out and blink their hand-controlled alarm device so

that everyone can see and hear the lights blink in reply. Naturally, every white car owner has a cellular phone.

Because white cars all look exactly the same, whether they be a Nissan, Mazda or whatever, the owners of these vehicles will often have trouble with identification. The driver will quickly park, duck into a deli or a chemist, rush back out and hop into the wrong car. Some men have been known to drive around for weeks before realising they're in someone else's car. Women owners are usually more perceptive and it may be only a matter of days before it dawns on them that they've been using someone else's make-up from the glove box.

A lot of men buy white cars in the belief that they will be more successful at discos. These are the jerks who always considered themselves better-looking and more talented than Billy Joel. What they fail to understand is that before Billy Joel became a superstar, he too was unsuccessful at discos.





# The Porsche

Most Porsche owners I know have come by their prestige vehicle by virtue of sheer hard work and honest application of their skills. It is a total fallacy that the majority of these men are white-collar criminals, ex-company directors, failed property developers, disgraced priests, retired male prostitutes, SP bookmakers, drug dealers, futures traders, driving instructors, local council aldermen, Customs officers, legatees or retired federal police.

No, the man who can pass over the counter \$200,000 in cash, even though he might only be in his late twenties, has got to be admired. He is the salt of the Earth.

What kind of a man is the Porsche owner? Some of them, unfortunately, have minor afflictions such as talking through the side of their mouths, or being overly startled when a car backfires. Others tend to have the nervous habit of continually looking over their shoulders, even though they might be sitting alone in a toilet cubicle.

The Porsche man will invariably have a dynamic and forceful personality. He knows what he wants and he goes out and gets it. When entering the showroom, he will display this characteristic by standing in the middle of the floor and clicking his fingers at the salesman, who may be attending another customer. He knows his color — usually black or racing green — and will not leave without it.

Most Porsche owners race on weekends at Oran Park or Sandown — and come last. This enables them to describe themselves on official documents as "racing car driver" but who cares? It's just the innocent and frivolous whim of those who have earned their reward. They deserve a little eccentricity — a welcome release from the grind at the office. Most men who drive Porches own either light planes or women. If they can afford it, they own both. But unfortunately, when times get hard, the car, the plane and the woman are usually repossessed in a package. If the Porsche man is resolute, and most of them are, he will fight like a

Viking for his car while reluctantly letting the other two go.

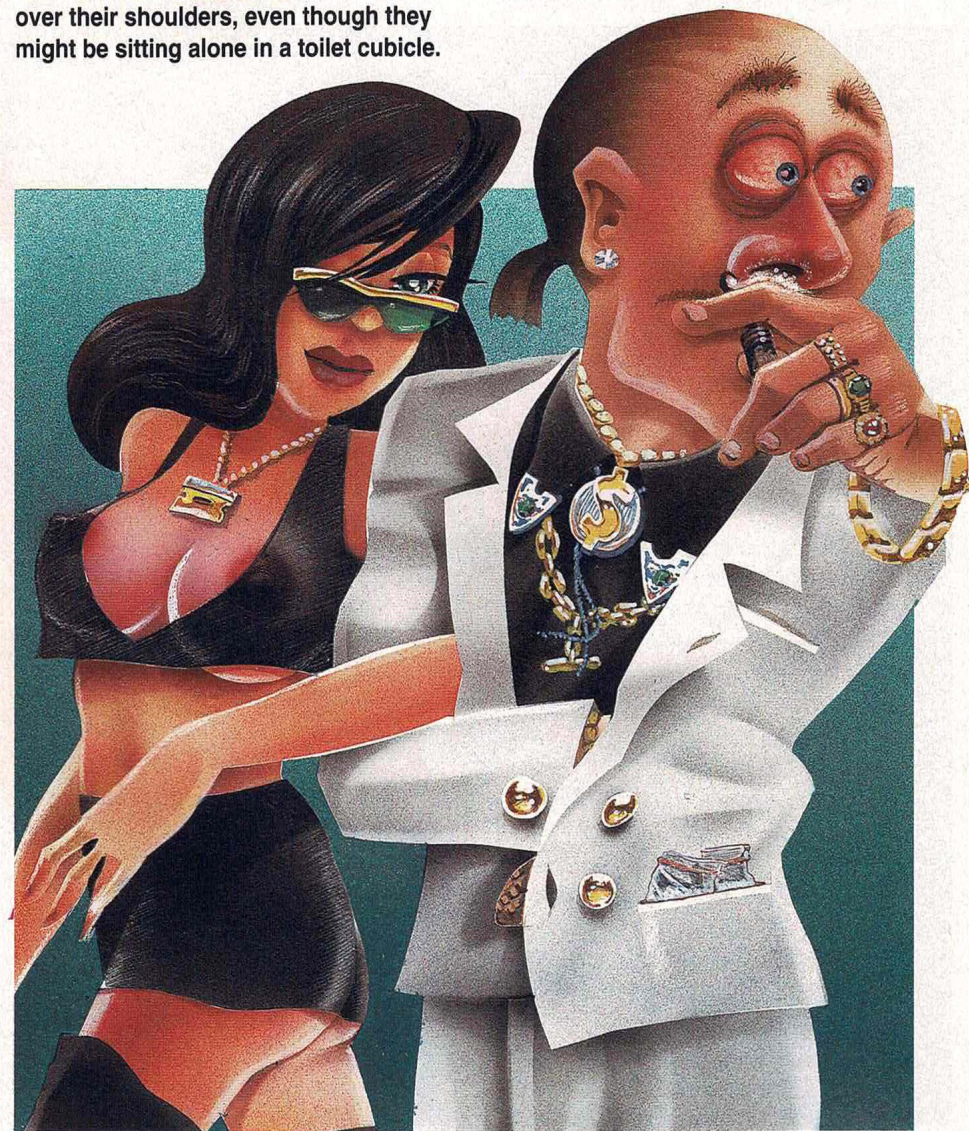
Porsches can mostly be seen in airport car parks, outside the Futures Exchange (but not for long), at the racetrack, in front of merchant banks, outside antique shops on Sunday afternoon, at Customs auctions or at Federal Police picnics. A lot of time they are seen on TV commercials because owners can pick up three months' worth of lease payment by hiring them out.

A Porsche double-parked outside a merchant bank can often mean the difference between success and defeat when negotiating a billion-dollar overdraft to rescue shareholders' funds and secure adequate remuneration for the directors. Managers of merchant banks are comforted by a Porsche double-parked outside their premises. In subsequent wind-ups it is usually the only tangible asset.

Another maligned species is the woman who drives a Porsche. Now, it is easy to be suspicious of this person, because most people believe it is impossible for a 22-year-old bimbo to be driving around in a car that costs close to a quarter of a million (women rarely drive the cheaper models) without having provided something in exchange. They all think she has probably handed her body on a plate to some older and wealthier benefactor. No way! These young women have earned their car the hard way — by initiative, application and sheer hard work.

The man who drives a Porsche is usually tanned, but only because he has to spend an interminable amount of time in remote and boring tax havens in the tropical regions of the Pacific or on the Riviera, away from wife and family, once again looking after the interests of his minority shareholders. He will usually be forced to wear chunky gold and silver jewellery around his neck and wrists as punishment in the form of tax-free dividends necessitated by the hideous fringe benefits tax. As a badge of courage, he wears this awkward jewellery on most social occasions, and thus invites criticism levelled by less dedicated and successful colleagues, who are just plain envious when he exits with a girl who would make Elle McPherson wish she'd had a face lift and tit job.

The Porsche man has made it and it's not his fault that others haven't. Let them eat cake and drive their bloody 3-Series BMWs. 



# R I S K

Continued from page 12

legalised gambling. But it was a Texas-born Prohibition bootlegger, Benny Binion, who turned an out-of-luck hotel and casino in the downtown (and down-beat) part of the city into a gambling Mecca.

Binion's Horseshoe Casino offers the best odds and the highest limits of any tables in Las Vegas, or anywhere else. Jack Binion, son of the now-late founder (who once said of Ronald Reagan "I'll see him out and I'll dance on his grave" — luckily he didn't bet on it), likes to tell the story of the old man who walked in off Fremont Street carrying a suitcase containing \$500,000 — his entire life savings plus proceeds from the sale of his house. He asked if he could put it all on an even-money bet on one spin of the roulette wheel.

"It's my last chance to be a millionaire," he said.

Binion took the bet — and lost. The cashiers helped the old man pack a million dollars back into the case, a guard escorted him to his beat-up car and he was never seen again.

Binion can laugh about it, if only because few of the usual weekend crowd would be willing to take the same risk. Instead, most let the house's relentless advantage bleed them slowly, losing a few weeks' earnings over a couple of days playing the dollar lots and the low limit roulette, blackjack and craps.

Once a year, Binion's is host to the Big Game. From all over the world, professional poker players arrive for a three-week event called the World Series Of Poker. It culminates in the closest thing the not-so-wild West can still offer to an old-fashioned showdown: a no-limit-table-stakes game of Hold 'Em, a fast-moving, mean-as-a-rattlesnake variation of seven-card stud in which the winner takes half of the final pot, as much as a million dollars.

When it comes down to absorbing the heart-stopping rushes of adrenalin that make risk so addictive, the underwriters and brokers of the city and Wall Street — even the traders working the floor of one of the business world's most precarious crap-shoots, the Hong Kong Stock Exchange — have nothing on no-limit poker players whose margins are measured in hundreds of thousands, sometimes millions of dollars of their own cash.

But the players themselves don't give these sorts of calculations a second thought. The chips in front of them at the end of a game are all that count.

An English writer, Anthony Holden, who spent a year haunting the professional Hold 'Em games in Las Vegas, once described a terse exchange between one

of the best-known players, Eric Drache, and his wife, Jane, who had called him away from a game to tell him that she had been involved in a car accident.

"Are you hurt?" asked Eric.

"No," said Jane.

"Is anyone else hurt?"

"No."

"Well, that's all right, then."

"But I've done \$1 500 worth of damage to the side of the car."

"So call the insurance."

"But \$1 500 damage to our beautiful Jaguar!"

"Honey, I'm stuck four beautiful Jaguars at this moment — call the insurance."

In the end risk comes down to a state of mind. Some can take its stresses, most can't. Those who wilfully court it, whether they are poker players or commodity brokers, unarguably have kinks in their psyches which enable them to relinquish control over a part of their lives and rely on chance.

For more than 50 years, ever since Edmund Bergler, a former student of Freud, published *The Psychology Of Gambling* in 1936, a widely accepted view has been that the gambler, or compulsive risk-taker, does not play to win, he plays to lose.

"Gambling is not a profession," Bergler wrote. "It is a dangerous neurosis." He described in detail how the gambler was driven to punish himself because of guilt deriving from his earliest unconscious feelings of aggression towards his parents. In short, the gambler doesn't ignore the laws of chance, he thinks he can overcome them with a little luck or just plain willpower; but he's swimming in a murky psychological undercurrent that will eventually pull him under and compel him to punish himself by losing.

So much for the theory. In real life, consistent losers are more likely to understand what the American playwright David Mamet was getting at when he observed: "Most of us from time to time try to escape a blunt face that doesn't tally with our self-image. When we are depressed, we recreate the world around us to rationalise our mood. We are then likely to overlook or misinterpret happy circumstances. At the poker table, this can be expensive, for opportunity may knock, but it seldom nags."

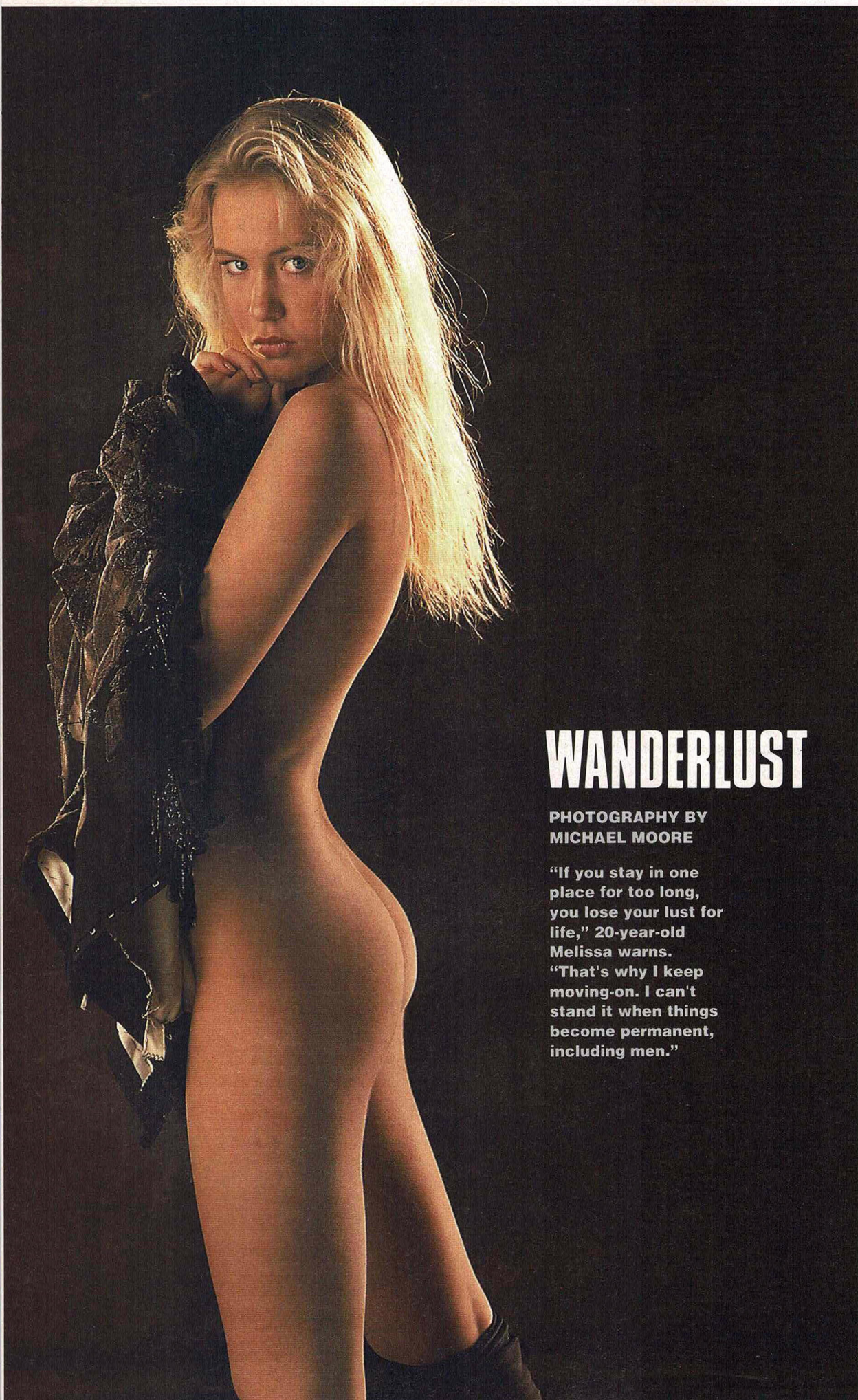
We are all drawn to risk, even if we don't make a habit of it. A small jolt of it — just enough to get that faint constriction of the chest we usually attribute to fear — can be enough to galvanise us, to stimulate us and unseat our commonplace expectations of ourselves. For that reason alone, we should be inclined to applaud rather than deny the daring of those who are able to stare into the darkness, out there on the edge. Risk is the best antidote we have to the dull conformity that threatens to overwhelm our lives. Risk is good. Risk is right. Risk works. 

ABCDE  
FGHIJK  
L NO  
PQR T  
UVWX  
YZ

Ignore it and it won't  
go away.

**MS**  
Multiple Sclerosis.





## WANDERLUST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
MICHAEL MOORE

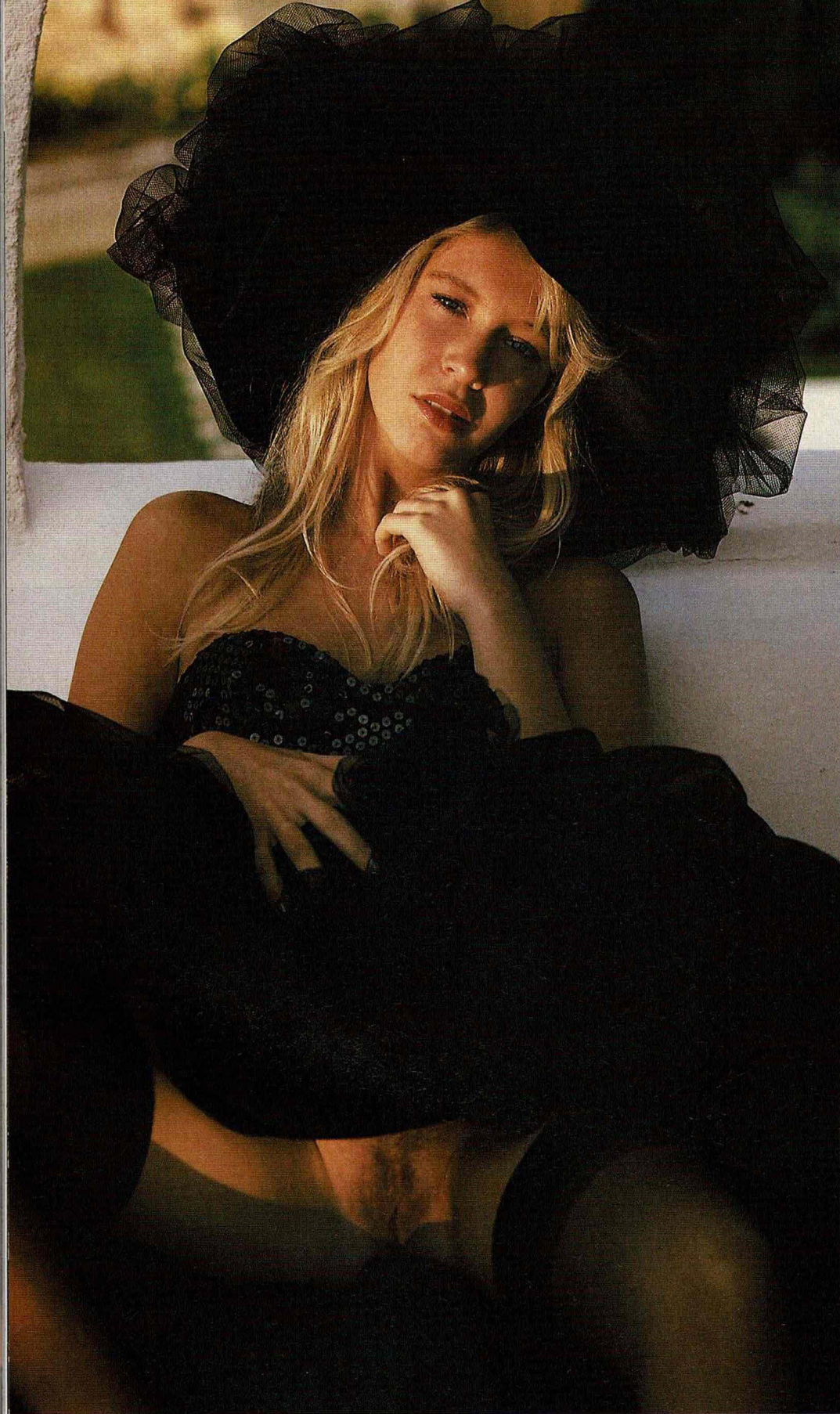
"If you stay in one place for too long, you lose your lust for life," 20-year-old Melissa warns. "That's why I keep moving-on. I can't stand it when things become permanent, including men."











**Melissa attributes her wanderlust to her parents. "When I was growing up my parents took me all over Europe. I suppose travel is in my blood." Melissa speaks fluent French, Italian and Spanish, a legacy of her childhood journeys. When asked which nationality of men she preferred, Melissa threw her head back and laughed mischievously. "That's the very best part about travelling, I don't have to choose. I can have all of them."**





PENTHOUSE READERS' COMPETITION

# WIN A JACK DANIEL'S BAR

## WIN YOUR OWN JACK DANIEL'S BAR

Want to decorate your bar with some of the most sought-after accessories in the world? Well here's your opportunity to win some genuine, old-time Jack Daniel's merchandise which will give your bar that unique Jack Daniel's "easy livin'" atmosphere.

Jack Daniel's is offering Penthouse readers well over \$3,500 worth of these exclusive bar accessories which are not available in Australia but have been brought out from Lynchburg, Tennessee – the home of Jack Daniel's – especially for this competition.

You may have admired some of this fabulous merchandise in bars and clubs but you can be sure none of your mates have got it in their homes.

To enter, just turn the page to discover what makes Jack Daniel's the premium American whiskey. Then fill in the coupon and mail to Penthouse.





# WIN A JACK DANIEL'S BAR

## HOW IS JACK DANIEL'S MADE?

Jack Daniel's is not a bourbon. While it has some of the same characteristics as bourbon, it falls into a distinctive product classification called Tennessee Whiskey. Like bourbon, however, it's strictly a product of the United States . . . and more specifically, the hills of Tennessee.

Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey begins with the careful selection of the finest corn, rye and barley malt. These choice grains are mixed with the pure, clean water from Lynchburg's Cave Spring, to form a fermentable mixture called "mash." Jack Daniel's is made by the old "sour mash process."

If Jack Daniel's were to be placed in a barrel and aged immediately after distillation, it would be a bourbon. However, that is not the case. Our whiskey is trickled very slowly through 3.5 metres of hard maple charcoal

right after distillation. It's this extra step in the whiskey-making process that makes Jack Daniel's more than a bourbon . . . and provides the special character known only to Tennessee Whiskey.

## WHERE DOES JACK DANIEL'S GET ITS CHARACTER FROM?

Jack Daniel's is made in Lynchburg, Tennessee, a slow moving, slow talking, down-to-earth town of old Southern America where things haven't changed much since Mr Jack Daniel made his first batch of this famous Tennessee Whiskey in 1866.

Lynchburg literally is the town that Jack built. It's a small country town (population 361) that got left behind in the hustle and bustle of the big city that's called progress.

Visitors to Lynchburg say how glad they are to see that the town has no burger bars, parking meters, department stores, nightclubs or traffic jams. The town's folk say that's just how it should be, and the way it will stay — real people, real honesty and the best whiskey you can find.

As you can see, Jack Daniel's is an essential part of this quiet, unhurried way of life. You may feel most things in the world these days move too quickly, but

after a sip of Jack Daniel's you will be pleased some things (and some people) still take it slow.

These are the fabulous Jack Daniel's prizes on offer:

## FIRST PRIZE

- Jack Daniel's dartboard enclosed in a beautifully crafted wooden cabinet
- Jack Daniel's old-time bar mirror
- Jack Daniel's statue
- Jack Daniel's wall clock with quartz movement in a solid oak cabinet
- Jack Daniel's decanter
- Jack Daniel's barrel dispenser
- Jack Daniel's wooden barrelhead

- 12 Jack Daniel's shot glasses
- 12 Jack Daniel's large square glasses
- Set of priceless old-time Jack Daniel's advertising posters
- Jack Daniel's serving tray
- Two sets of cork coasters
- Bar towels

- Jack Daniel's Sipper Jigger
- Jack Daniel's earthenware water jug
- Bunch of swizzle sticks

**TOTAL VALUE OF FIRST  
PRIZE OVER \$1800**

## SECOND PRIZE

- Jack Daniel's dartboard
- Jack Daniel's bar mirror
- Jack Daniel's wall clock
- Decanter
- 12 shot glasses



- 12 square glasses
- Set of advertising posters
- Jack Daniel's serving tray
- Two sets of cork coasters
- Bar towels
- Jack Daniel's Sipper Jigger
- Jack Daniel's earthenware water jug
- Bunch of swizzle sticks

**TOTAL VALUE OF SECOND  
PRIZE OVER \$1050**

## THIRD PRIZE

- Jack Daniel's bar mirror
- Jack Daniel's wall clock
- 12 shot glasses
- 12 square glasses
- Set of advertising posters
- Jack Daniel's serving tray
- Two sets of cork coasters
- Bar towels
- Jack Daniel's Sipper Jigger
- Jack Daniel's earthenware water jug
- Bunch of swizzle sticks

**TOTAL VALUE OF THIRD  
PRIZE OVER \$600**

## CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official coupon or a facsimile of that coupon. Only one entry per person is allowed and no cash alternative is offered for the prize.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families.

Closing date for entries is last mail on Friday, March 27, 1992. The winners of the prizes will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section. Three correct entries will be drawn from all the correct entries received. Those entrants will be the winners. On all questions, disputes and matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all the rules and conditions.

The promoters, Jack Daniel's and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestants for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to property caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply of any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the *Australian Penthouse*/Jack Daniel's competition (including negligent acts or omissions).

The competition is brought to you by Jack Daniel's and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Tonisha, 19, likes games, and so she should, being a physical education teacher. "My boyfriend teases me by calling me a player. He's probably right though — after all he knows me better than anyone."

# fair game



Send your completed coupon to Jack Daniel's Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. The answer to each question can be found in the information above. Entries close last mail Friday, March 27, 1992.

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Besides teaching sport all week, Tonisha is in the local touch football team. "I like the thrill of competition. The only games I don't like are emotional ones. I like people who are up-front and honest."





What does Toniela like doing besides sport? "Well I like lying around in bed on Saturday morning with champagne and croissants." She smiles, "And bed is a great place to play games too."







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## jaqui and paul

Hired as a simple chambermaid, Jacqui never expected her expertise to extend beyond the boudoir. But now she was told to prepare supper . . . a feast for eight hungry men. "Do not fret, *chou-chou*," assured Paul, returning from the vineyards. "I will cover you."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND

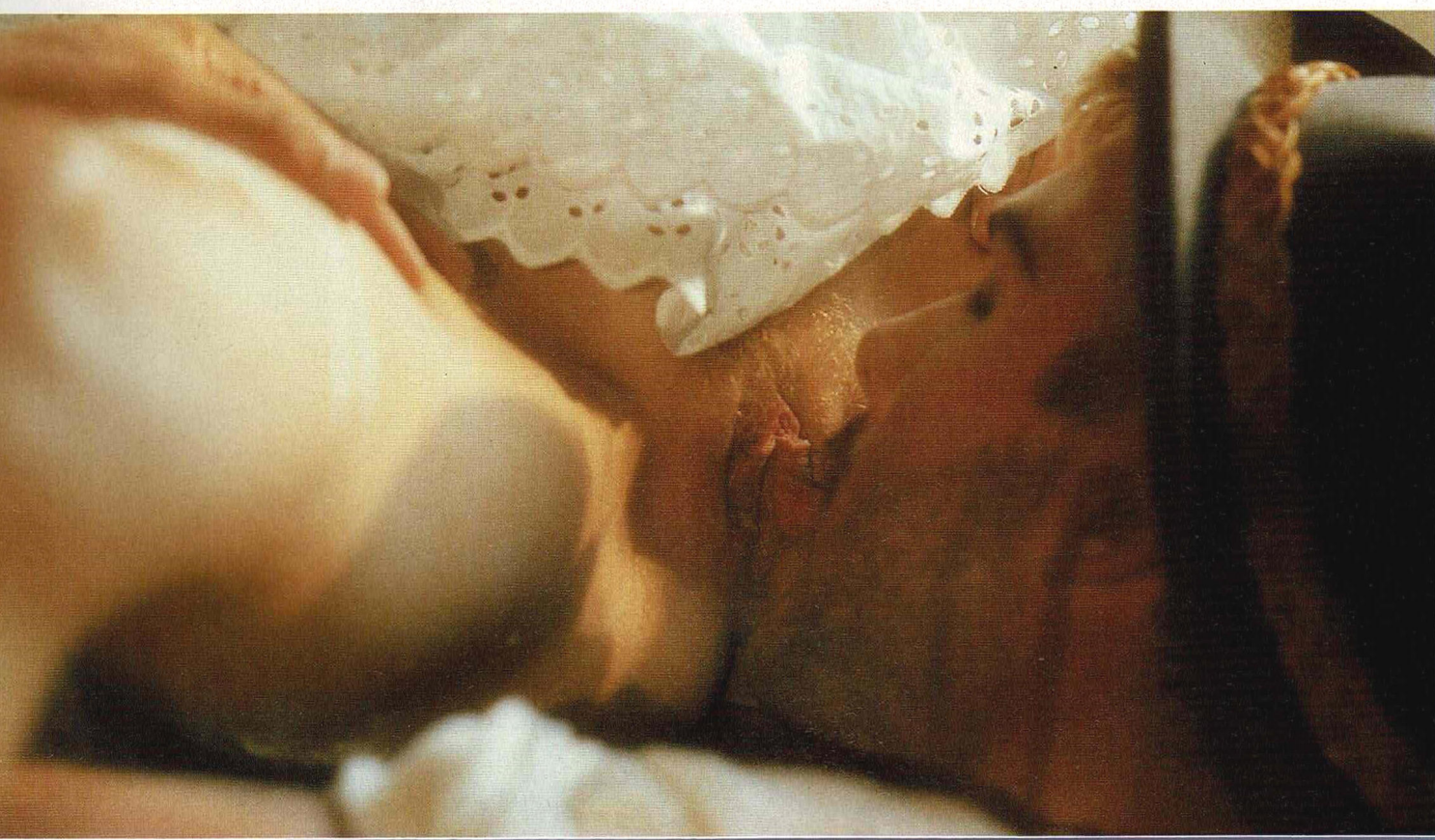






"First," said he, immediately assuming command, "we will whip up some cream for the pastries." *I bet éclairs are his specialty*, thought Jaqui, already salivating. "Can you make a soufflé?" "No," she responded, adding hopefully, "but I know I could get it to rise."







# TRUE URBAN GRIT



**H**aving done more than flirt with American music on the "throwaway" *Rattle And Hum*, **U2** have returned more to their home turf, albeit through the filter of Berlin. Yea, though these Irish soul searchers have walked through the valley of the shadow of Dylan and Elvis, they fear no evil back in the hands of ace atmospherist, producer Daniel Lanois for *Achtung Baby* (Island) who, with Brian Eno, helped realise the band's first really expansive sonic landscape on *The Unforgettable Fire* in 1984. Eno made his presence felt in short bursts on *Achtung*, sometimes in the small German studio where he and Bowie cut "Heroes."

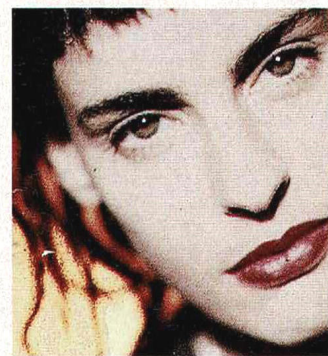
As an exercise in gathering urban grit, Berlin worked as a useful catalyst. A sense of fugitive claustrophobia has helped a diversity of artists, from Nick Cave to David Bowie. Bono, whether by accident or design, sounds sometimes decidedly like a D.B. out-take on tracks like "So Cruel." Often a churning, dense, moody body of work, The Edge's guitar is still the second lead instrument with its swirling textures and scratched, insistent chords. Bono, meanwhile, is more about people than concepts this time. "She wears my love like a see-through dress. Her lips say one thing, her movements something else."

U2 can become grandiose on occasion, but while someone like Axel Rose can scream "You could be mine, but you're way out of line", Mr Bono freely admits "a woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle, when you're trying to throw your arms around the world."

**Robbie Robertson** starts his musical journey dedicated to *Storyville* (Geffen) — a part of New Orleans famous for "fast living, hot music and moonburnt nights" — with a quiet confidence. The result-

ant triumphal choruses to the "Night Parade" still have a sultry feel due to R.R.'s wheezy edge. The music's moody lope owes much to the use of some Southern luminaries, including the ubiquitous Aaron Neville as well as some LA studio greats and old fellow Bandsman Garth Hudson. Robertson promises: "We'll go marching in the night parade"; all that's needed is to "raise up your hand and hold back the dawn." This is high romance of the night-time and the backstreets. "When the night goes down on Storyville, if the women don't get ya the music will." Permanently 3am.

Early last decade the big voice of **Deborah Conway** was a welcome blast on the local scene as she and the rest of Do Re Mi did a lot of growing up in public — at least in

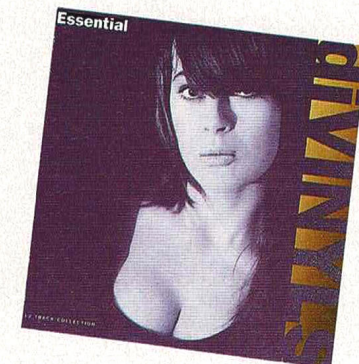


terms of playing and recording. For the past few years it's been a more private odyssey as she continent-hopped in the northern hemisphere, trying to pen a sequel to the acclaimed album *Do Re Mi* finally recorded for Virgin. She didn't succeed as far as they were concerned but she did come up with a more-than-merely-decorative *String Of Pearls* (Mushroom). "Deborah Conway's Nightmare #347" chronicles a direction she didn't take — an A&R man suddenly appears, wants me to be a dance-queen to further my career... then he vanished in a puff of smoke and left me feeling sick." Half the tracks, including the much played "It's Only The Beginning", were produced by Richard

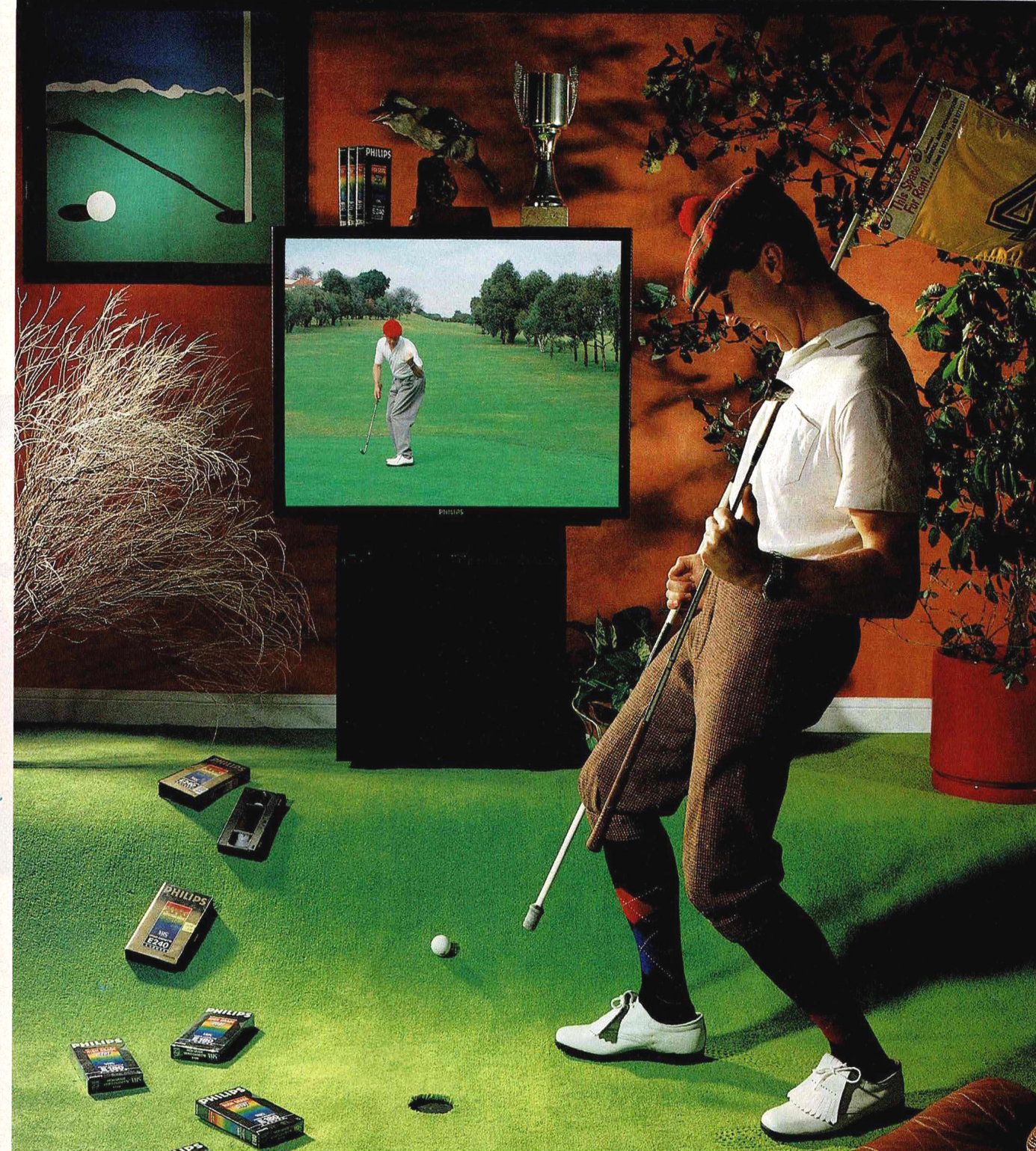
Pleasance after having sailed his own *Galleon* in an interval from Boom Crash Opera. A sense of country-music storytelling and sweet harmonies resonate through many of the songs. There is also considerably less bitterness than you would expect from the plain-speaking Conway, now basking in the relatively anonymous afterglow of having been "a rock and roll star... the girl that everybody wanted."

The title to *Two Rooms* (Polydor) is indicative of the unique style of collaboration employed by **Elton John** and **Bernie Taupin** where both retire to their respective corners, Bernie to rhyme and cajole words to his own literate ends and E.J. to pound the ivories in an attempt to find a suitable musical setting for them. Over the past 20 years the pair have been more than prolific, though their vast catalogue of songs has been hardly touched by others. This recording redresses that to an extent, with 16 diverse artists tackling some of their favorite John/Taupin songs. The Beach Boys doo wop the "Crocodile Rock", Sinead O'Connor does a slow ritual "Sacrifice", The Who get back at Elton for his "Pinball Wizard" with some "Saturday Night's All Right For Fighting"/"Take Me To The Pilot" bowver, and Kate Bush injects "Rocket Man" with some jolly old reggae — "I'm not the man they think I am at home" indeed!

**Chrissie Amphlett** may have engaged in some overt onanism for the *Divynis'* overdue chart success in 1990 but she and powerhouse guitarist Mark McEntee have felt no need to molest their past triumphs for the retrospective (and aptly titled) *Essential* (Chrysalis). — **Jeremy Cook**



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## SEX AND MONEY

In one scene of award-winning film-maker Dennis O'Rourke's latest documentary, *The Good Woman Of Bangkok*, a young Australian man attempts to justify his patronage of Thai prostitutes. "By going with them, we're giving them money so they can send it back to their families in the country," he shouts earnestly over bar music and the drunken chattering of his mates. "You see, if we give them money now, that means the next generation won't have to work as prostitutes."

The motivations of a North American man interviewed under similar circumstances are less philanthropic: "There ain't nothin' in the world like doin' it here," he exults, his twang slurred by a mixture of Singha beer and the kind of slack-jawed *sans souci* that may have inspired the term "as happy as a pig in shit."

"I did it seven times in one day with seven different girls. That's Bangkok massage parlors for you. The girls here have got the right

attitude. North American girls are bitches. You know here the girls will feel you up, suck you off, screw the bejesus outta you, and wash your clothes — all with a smile on their faces."

Such scenes serve as backdrop to the film's central player, Aoi, a 25-year-old Bangkok bargirl O'Rourke chose to represent the human face of Thai prostitution. Born blind in one eye into poverty-stricken Northern Thailand, Aoi became a Patpong Rd prostitute after a short failed marriage that left her with a child. Now nearing the end of her most profitable years as a prostitute, she very candidly takes O'Rourke and his camera through her life, introduces him to her relatives and fellow bargirls, and very movingly describes her self-loathing, her loathing for the men she services, and her need for the money the customers provide.

In his intimate questioning and ultimate frustration when he is unable to change Aoi's lifestyle, O'Rourke himself is a palpable presence in the film. The production begins with his statement that he came to Bangkok as a man in his forties dwelling on the the break-up of his marriage and facing the disillusionment common among men in middle age. Thus, we are set up for his less than objective involvement. And so, perhaps, is explained the sense that O'Rourke actually fell in love with his subject. Certainly, we sense real disappointment when his paternalism and generosity is viewed by Aoi as merely payment for another form of services rendered.

This intrusion on the objectivity of the documentary by no means detracts from the film's power. On the contrary, these personal notes serve, in this opinion, to render the film all the more human and spell-binding.

While O'Rourke's explanations of *The Good Woman Of Bangkok* and his reasons for becoming an unseen character in it do serve to clarify his motivation for a film about a too-seldom frankly documented scene, they may not fully satisfy curiosity about the depth of his feeling apparent in the film.

"It is a film about prostitution as a

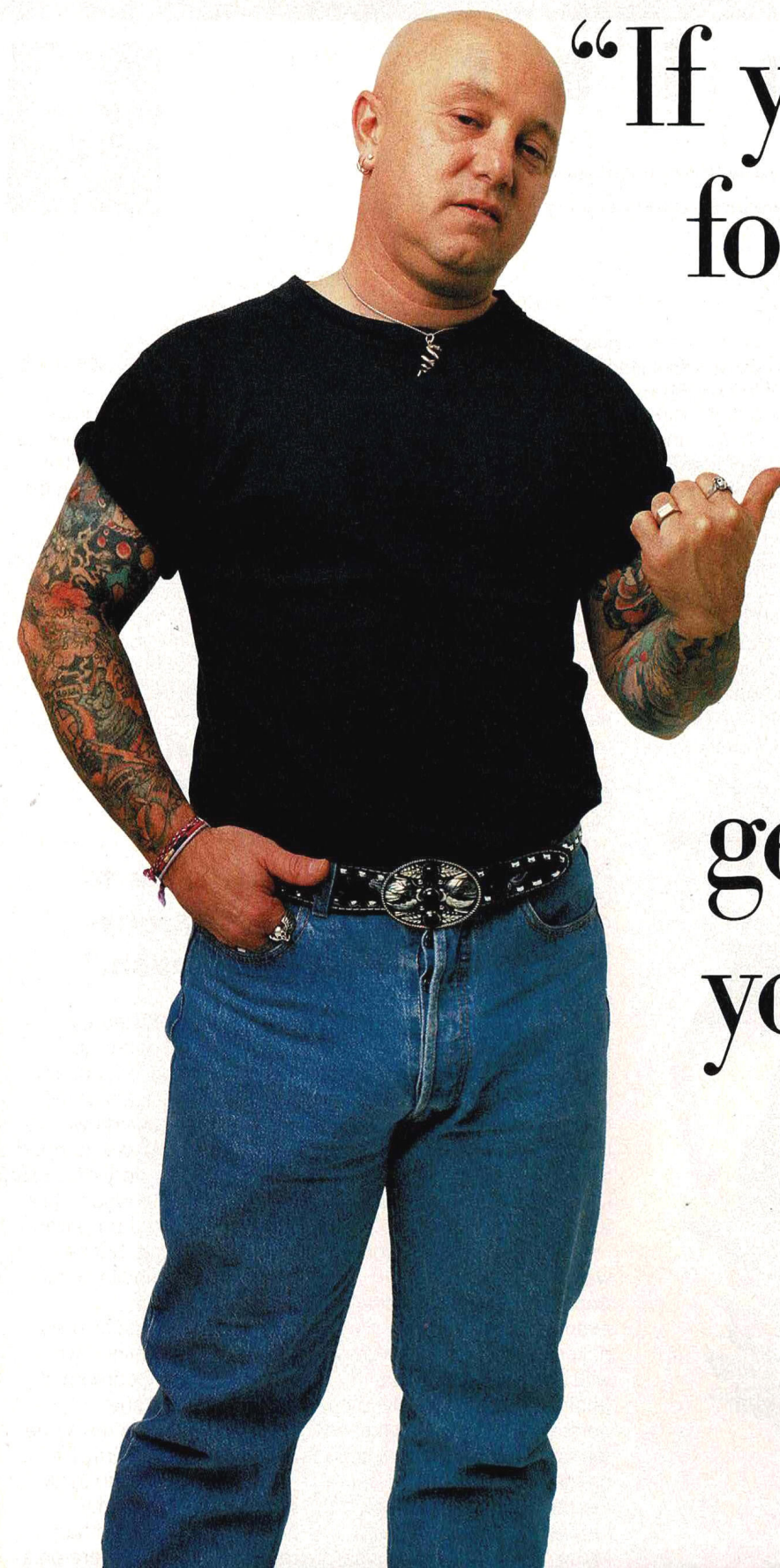
metaphor for capitalism, here played out across the borders of race and culture, and about prostitution as a metaphor for all relations between men and women," O'Rourke says.

"It is also about voyeuristic tendencies which are inherent in all film-making and film viewing. It is my hope that we are confronted with a version of ourselves, thus forcing the consideration of how personal sexuality affects political and philosophical beliefs."



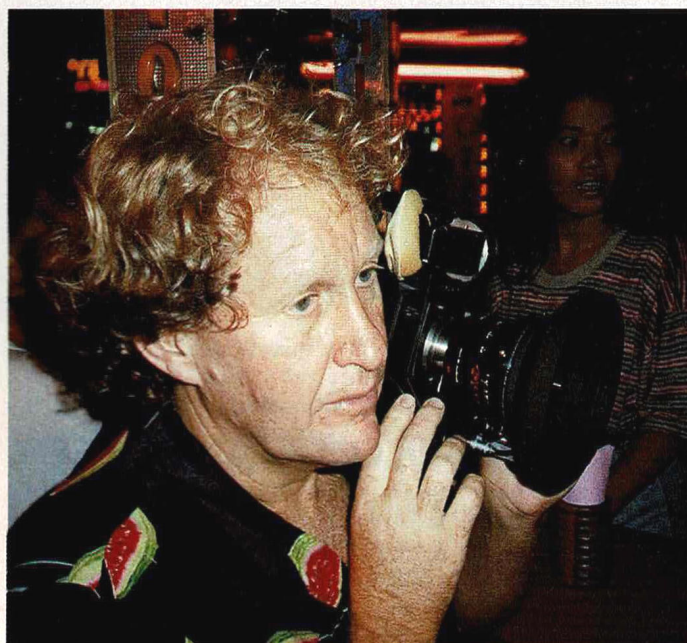
"In this film, I have exposed myself in order to force the audience to reconsider the whole nature of documentary film practice. Under the thrall of our separate desires, we are all implicated in some way."

In filming *The Good Woman Of Bangkok*, O'Rourke faced death threats from bar owners and bar customers and had to protect his footage by storing it at the Australian Embassy. In sex content, that footage is less sensational and titillating than much we have seen in past supposed exposes of the Bangkok bar scene. However, in its raucous tawdriness and evocation of sensuality and sadness it is the most honest portrayal so far of Bangkok's major tourist business and the women and men who engage in it. From beginning to end, this film is riveting. \*\*\*\* — C.J. Mackay



"If you're out for a drink don't let yourself down by getting off your face."

ANGRY ANDERSON



Director, camera operator, and sound recordist Dennis O'Rourke on location in Bangkok; and Aoi, the prostitute who is the subject of his movie.

If you're drinking, keep thinking  
**MODERATION**

—THE—  
**ALCOHOL  
INDUSTRY**



## hedonist

Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

## SEX ON SAFARI

It's comforting to me that even in the furthest outreaches of civilisation, decadence can flourish. You can't really get much further from the nerve-centres of art and commerce than the dusty safari outpost of Maun, Botswana.

Botswana is, for those of you who haven't brushed up on your geography,

flowing into the ocean, sink into the sands of the desert.

I was supposed to jet into Maun, fly out by charter and land in the middle of the delta to look at hippos, giraffes, elephants, fish-eagles and crocodiles, and have as little other human contact as possible.

But fate had other plans. My travelling companion was felled by some vicious African fever and ended up in Maun hospital. I couldn't go on without her, so I was stuck in

On the way, my driver hurtled across the Matlapaneng Bridge at break-neck speed, all the while explaining how often people crashed into the river while driving drunk, and how there were giant crocodiles below, but that no-one had been eaten yet. I began to feel that the prison of my hotel room was preferable to the anarchy of the bush.

Once I got to the cluster of safari lodges, I heard something very bizarre and unfamiliar. Laughter, music and the sound of glasses clinking. Could it be?

I walked in on a raucous crowd of heavy drinkers. One of the first things I saw, when I got there, was a bartender mixing a drink in a man's mouth. The guy was bent over backwards with his head on the bar, mouth open. The barman poured in the right amounts, exactly as if he were mixing a drink in a glass. Once he had finished, he shook the guy's head from side to side. Then the guy swallowed and everybody applauded.

I'm not a big drinker, but I was taken in under everyone's wing. As the evening progressed, I noticed a tall brunette woman with a spectacular figure (matched, unfortunately, by a horsey face), who was first on the arm of one man, and then on the arm of another. I couldn't believe my eyes. Ladies of the evening in Maun? Imagine my surprise when I was later introduced to her as the wife of yet a third member of the party.

They invited me back the following evening to a "braai" or barbecue at a private house. I really should have gone to the hospital to see my friend. Duty lay to the south, a party and a possible

sexual escapade to the north. I went north.

The "house" was a low-slung trailer with an elaborate patio. Everyone seemed to have had a head-start on the alcohol. The tall woman, Trudy, was there. She had a throaty laugh and flirted with me outrageously. We withdrew to a secluded part of the patio and began to kiss. There were other couples practically in

**"The prison of my hotel room was preferable to the anarchy of the bush."**

*flagrante delicto* nearby.

"Would you rather go inside?" she asked, noting my nervousness about the surroundings. I said I would.

On our way in, we bumped into a bearded, very muscular fellow. Trudy introduced him as her husband. I prepared for a pummelling, but he merely nodded hello and staggered past.

"We're very casual about this," Trudy explained when we got into the bedroom of the trailer. Then she proceeded to give me some of the best head of my life.

When I had time to think about it later, when my travelling companion had recovered and we were on a jet back to London, it made a certain sort of sense. The equation was: boredom plus alcohol equals sex. I'll bet there are a lot of little backwaters in the world where the same sort of thing goes on. But the wife-swappers of Maun were the first I had encountered. 



## GARDEN VARIETY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EASTON

Shannon, 22, has been trying to break into acting for the last two years. "It's a lot tougher than everyone thinks. It can take years to get that big break."



immediately to the north of South Africa. It sprawls across two of the continent's most amazing natural wonders: the Kalahari Desert and the Okavango Delta. The Okavango is one of the only inland deltas in the world. The waters of the Okavango River spread out and, instead of

Nowheresville, Africa, for a stretch of six days.

One day I decided to venture north along the Thamalakane River to the "suburb" of Matlapaneng, where there was a collection of safari lodges. It was, my hotel clerk had assured me, the hub of Maun's nightlife.

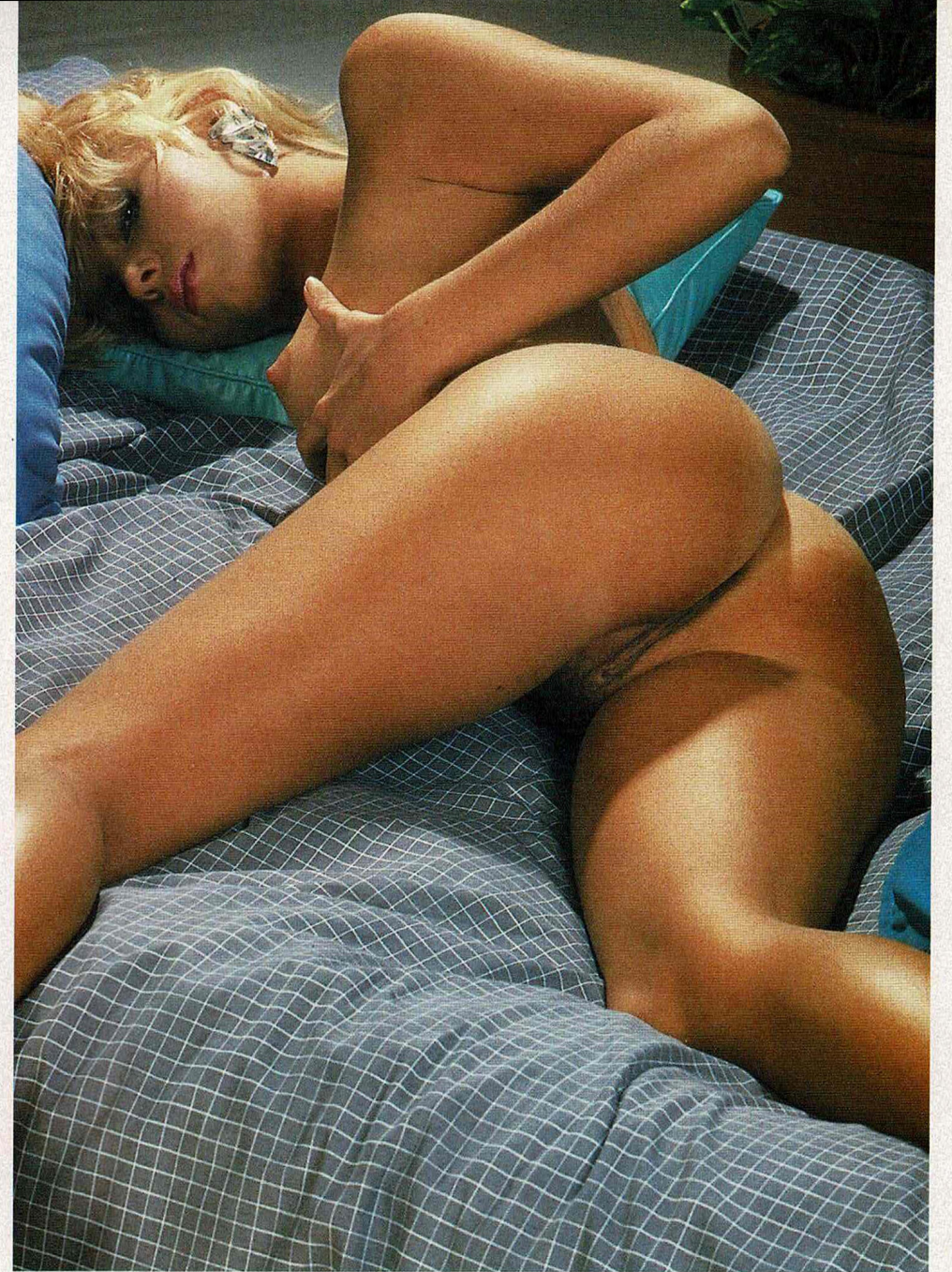








When she's not attending auditions or castings she's a landscape gardener. "It's great because I can improve my tan. And the guys on the job don't mind me working in a bikini."







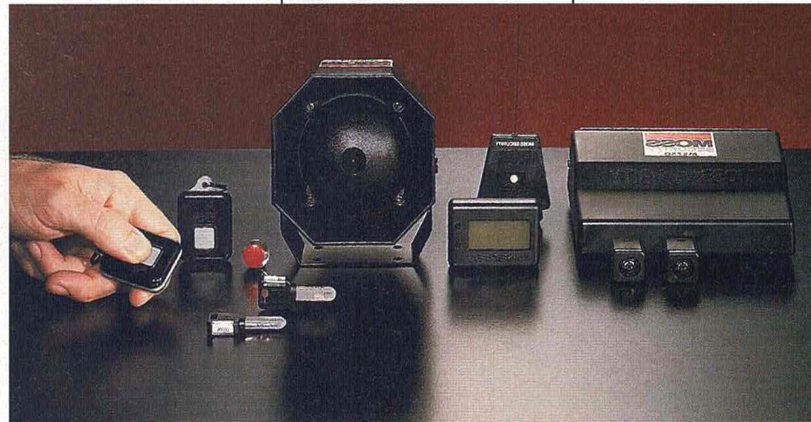


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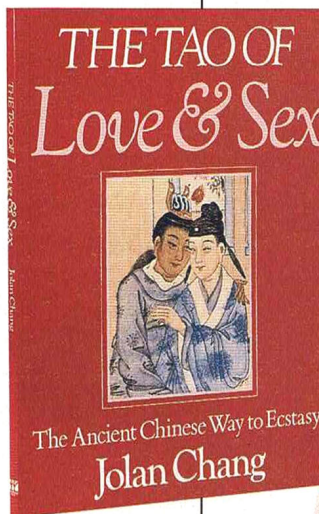
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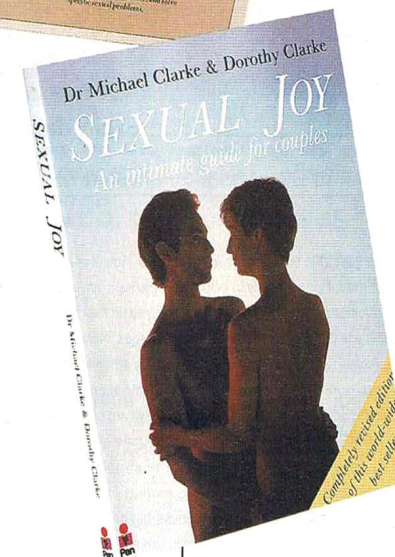
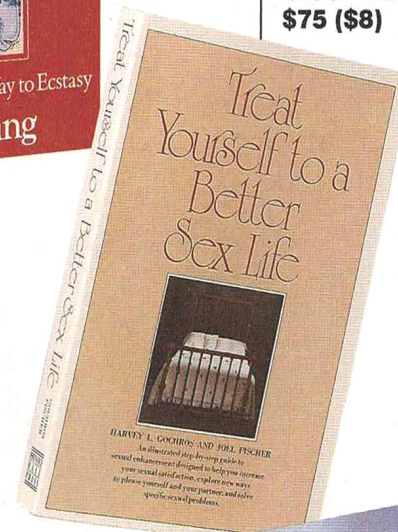
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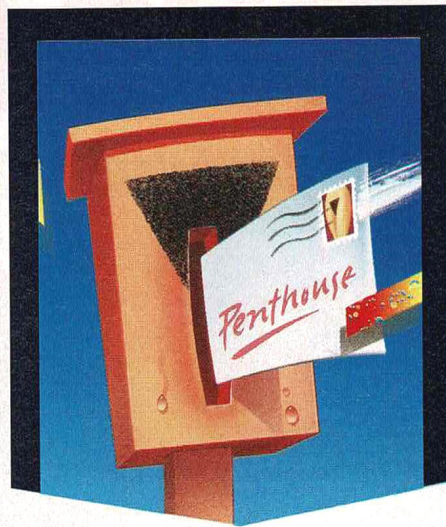


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## forum

Continued from page 8

a bit like the meat in a sandwich. Donna suggested we all have a shower and finally I withdrew from Josie. It was a bit cramped but we managed to clean each other off, then changed the sheets on the bed. After talking and fooling around for a while I fell asleep with an arm around each of them.

I awoke later and went out to get a drink and surprised Sue in the kitchen. She had just got home from work and was looking at me with a bemused smile. I realised I was still naked! She said: "How are you settling in?" and laughed. I replied, "fine thanks" and we both laughed. No, we didn't get it on. She had a boyfriend, and anyway, for the next five months I had more than enough to keep me busy. — *Name and address withheld*

### Storeman's surprise

I work as a storeman for a small Sydney company. Work can be busy one day with nothing to do the next. Only a small staff work at the office, most of them women in their late forties. All, that is, except one. She is only 36, her name is Sue, and she's married with three kids.

Quite often Sue and I find ourselves alone in the afternoon to lock up, and we tend to discuss things in general. One afternoon we found ourselves talking about sex, our likes and dislikes, that sort of thing. Sue has a great body for someone who has had three children, and I often find myself imagining what she would look like with nothing on.

One afternoon it came time to lock up, and as we went to pull the door closed our hands touched. Looking into each other's eyes, we both leaned forward and kissed, our tongues intertwining in a sudden rush of lust. My cock started to grow hard, and soon it was so hard it was hurting. My hands found her tits and her nipples were like pinnacles of granite. But, tempted though we were, we broke our kiss.

The next day she said: "Hi", and with a

wink walked over to her desk. Morning tea was the next time we saw each other, and we sat and talked. Later, when I was putting on my coat, I found a note in the pocket saying "meet me tonight at 6.30", and it had an address on it. Six-thirty could not come soon enough. The address led to a motel just near work, and I found her sitting in her car when I got there. We went straight to a room which she had already booked and collected the key for.

She closed the door behind us, saying that she had always wanted to fuck me but didn't quite know how to ask. She suggested we take a shower together. I couldn't get my clothes off fast enough, and discovered her body was better than I had imagined. She told me that we were not to touch each other in the shower, but it was agony just watching her soap herself. My cock was killing me — the sight of her tits was sending me over the top.

I couldn't wait to get my tongue around those nipples and suck on them. After our shower we towelled off and went to the bedroom. I hadn't noticed the sports bag beside the bed until she lay down and told me to open it up, which I did, to reveal rope, baby oil, dildo, shaver and cream.

"Tie me to the bed," was her next line, and I happily obliged. With her in my power, I went straight for her nipples and sucked hard until they were as erect as my penis. Then I moved down to her pussy.

She was wet like no other I had seen before and I licked like a man possessed, bringing her to an almighty orgasm. She wanted my cock but after keeping me at bay for so long in the shower, I thought I would play a game or two myself. I let her lick the end of my cock and like a thirsty dog she lapped at it. I was close but didn't want to come just yet. It was time to shave her.

I just love a bald pussy but had never yet had one to eat. Her legs spread wide, I set to work. After I had shaved her pussy, I oiled her all over with baby oil. The sight of her glistening body with its bald pussy caused my tongue to work on her clit once more, making her come again. It was all too much for me and I had to be inside her. My cock slid in and she gave a low moan and ordered me to fuck her hard, a command I had no trouble obeying. It didn't take long before my balls got tight and I shot my load.

She now wanted to be untied, but as I was undoing the last of the leg ropes she was already on my pole sucking and licking all the come off it. Now I was hard again, and she sat astride me. Once again my cock pulsed with pleasure inside her, and she came quickly. Then she lifted herself off me, to reveal a cock still hard and now covered with baby oil. She pointed my cock at her arse, and with a little moan she slid all the way down the

length of my shaft. This was heaven. She eased all the way up to the head of my cock, then slowly slid down. I was rubbing her bald pussy as she did this.

We took another shower together and this time it was no holds barred, unlike our first shower. After we'd used up all the hot water it was back to bed and a 69 position — me tonguing her beautiful bald snatch, she sucking my cock. I reached for the dildo and slid it into her pussy, working it up and down while tantalising her clit with the tip of my tongue. She came again. My cock was starting to get a bit sore by now but I needed to come again, so she kept on sucking until I blew my load into her mouth. Before we knew it, it was midnight. But she was in no hurry to go as her husband was away.

My job is so much better now. The things we do when we have to lock up — well! The boss would have a fit if he knew what we did on his desk last night. — *Name and address withheld*

### Hot Chocolate

My friend Chuck is a roadie with a rock band, and I've had some of the best sexual experiences of my life with him. He especially likes me to give him head, which is perfect because I find it a real turn-on. I recently decided that Chuck and I needed a special night, so dressed in my garters and matching outfit, I went to his apartment and put a Hershey's chocolate bar on the radiator. After a few drinks and some laughs, I decided to get down to business. I grabbed the Hershey bar off the heater. It had become soft and runny and just warm enough. The expression on Chuck's face was one of anticipation as I stripped out of most of my clothes, leaving my garters, stockings, and heels in place.

I kissed him passionately and sucked deeply on his tongue. I opened the candy bar, breathing in deeply to enjoy the smell of the chocolate before smearing a line from his chest to his cock, adding more to the erect head of his penis.

I started my descent, licking up all the chocolate on the way down. Finally reaching my destination, I began with a soft, flicking motion of my tongue on the base of his cock, alternating between his shaft and balls before working my way up to his cock-head. I teased him with my tongue, working the rim before descending upon the glob of chocolate bobbing off the very tip. I placed both hands firmly on his hips while my tongue took little dips into the chocolate at the tip of his cock.

I looked up and saw his eyes half-closed, a smile of pleasure on his lips. Then I leaned down and engulfed the entire head of his shaft in my mouth.

The mixture of pre-come and chocolate tasted so good that I lost myself in the pleasure of it all. As if on automatic, my tongue began making circular motions on

his cockhead as I eased more and more of his rod into my mouth. I spread my legs wide, sliding my hand into my wet panties to play with my clit, as his hips thrust softly into my mouth. His groaning became louder and his thrusting stronger as we both climbed closer to orgasm. The taste of the chocolate lingered and mixed wonderfully with the come that exploded into my mouth, overflowing and running down my chin. My own orgasm followed seconds behind his, and I collapsed at his feet. Eating chocolate will never be the same for either of us. — *Name and address withheld*

### Fence-sitting

Sitting in my backyard on a boring Sunday afternoon I noticed a couple next-door sunbaking as they cooked a barbecue. When I took a closer look, I noticed the tall, long-legged blonde was wearing a red G-string bikini with her tits hanging loose. Seeing this gave me an instant hard-on, so I got up and walked to the fence for a closer look.

The couple were sipping wine and chatting about the lovely weather. The smell of the barbecue and the sight of this naked, beautiful girl made me as horny as hell.

The girl picked up a towel, laid it out on the grass and lay down — she looked fantastic. I could tell her boyfriend thought the same thing because he was no longer reading his paper — he was licking his fingers and running them up and down her lovely legs. Watching this made me almost explode, but I stayed quiet and kept watching through the fence.

The boyfriend then told her he loved her, got off his chair and lay on the grass next to her. He pulled her G-string to one side and began licking her madly, as though he had never tasted her before. He looked like a wild animal. She just lay back and spread her legs very wide and let him go for it.

That was it for me! I undid my jeans, pulled them down to my knees and started to wank myself hard and fast. It felt great. I was tempted to put my head over the fence and ask to join in, but I didn't dare, so I just kept watching and stroking.

By the time I had dropped my jeans and looked back through the fence, the

# MS

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## forum

man had gone. But he soon returned with a polaroid camera. He began taking photos of her lying there.

I couldn't believe something like this was happening to me and I couldn't move from the fence. I never imagined a pussy could look as good as hers did right then. It was beautifully shaven and along with her round, firm tits, her long blonde hair and dark blue eyes, she made my balls tense up and my cock vibrate with excitement — I was well on the way to coming. I was very scared of being heard, so I turned away from the fence and gave myself two hard, strong pulls. My legs shook and my head spun as I came. I thought I was going to fall over. It was a feeling I have never had before.

I peered through the fence again. By now he was on top of her, fucking her hard and strong — they both looked like they were loving it. The girl was bucking up against him, while he was pounding into her. I was as jealous as hell. They moved into a variety of positions, even leaning against the fence, which gave me an excellent view of those beautiful tits banging up and down. I only wished I could stick my tongue through the fence and lick them.

Seeing these wonderful tits made my cock go hard again, ready for a bit more action. I only hoped that he wouldn't stop fucking her, because the view was exceptional. Finally she yelled with excitement, which caused me to shoot another load of my hot, juicy come. Her wild yelling allowed me to

groan with pleasure without being heard.

They stood up, kissed passionately and made plans for a hot bath together. He picked her up and carried her inside, leaving me alone and feeling very silly with my pants around my ankles and come all over them. But it was the best day I have ever had lying in the sun. — *Name and address withheld*

### Made for it

The other day, dressed in a short and ultra-tight red leather skirt with matching jacket, I went to buy a pair of shoes. As usual, I wore nothing underneath — no top, no bra, no panties — just the two pieces, red pumps, and a squirt of perfume behind each knee.

I arrived at the store to find it bereft of people with the exception of a young salesman. His eyes scanned me from head to toe, then locked into mine. I told him I wanted to try on the black, thigh-high leather boots which were on display. While he got the shoes, I was arrested by anticipation, the muscles between my legs twinged and my pulse quickened. He returned and took the boots out of the box — the fragrance of the new leather intensified my excitement.

He neatly unzipped them and rolled the upper part down to the ankles, then held the boots out to me. I inserted my feet firmly into them. As he slowly inched the zippers up, he pushed the extra leather up around my knees. The leather was tight and I imagined that it was his strong hands squeezing my calves — I began to tingle.

Rising up from his crouched position, he politely said: "Okay, you'll have to

stand and pull it the rest of the way up." I stood up and smiled sheepishly. "Would you do it for me?"

He beamed a sudden smile and without hesitation he bent down, grabbed the leather around my left knee and began to pull it up. When he got to the skirt hem, I apologised for it being so tight and, on impulse, pulled it all the way up to my waist.

He was speechless. When I looked into his eyes, lust was clearly visible. He eagerly pulled the boot the rest of the way up until his hand brushed against my pussy, then we both realised that it was too high for me. The extra leather just bunched up at the top of my thigh.

While he was pulling the right boot up, I began to feel the left boot-top stimulating my cunt — I felt myself juicing up. As he got the right side up, we heard a car pulling up. In a panic I struggled to pull my now even-tighter fitting skirt down over the boots. Just then, the store manager walked in.

The salesman's voice lost its boom and nervously crackled: "How do you feel?"

In the same anxious and nervous voice I replied: "Perfect! I'll take them." As I followed him to the register. Then I blurted out: "How about lunch?"

"Let me tell the manager," he said quickly. I offered to drive, and pointed to my blue convertible.

The boots rubbed against me as I worked the stick shift, driving me crazy. I was so aroused with anticipation that I turned into my driveway narrowly missing the letter-box. We were barely in the door before my jacket was off, revealing my swollen breasts and very hard nipples. He began kissing them. Normally I enjoy a slow drawn-out nipple tease, but this time I was too worked up. Frantically, I undressed him and began to unzip my boots. He stopped me, asking that I leave them on. When he thrust his cock deep inside me, I realised what a great suggestion it was.

The feel of the boots' smooth leather lining rubbing against my thighs, playing against my cunt as he thrust into me was truly wild. It also enhanced the stimulation all around my clit, so much so that I lost count of my orgasms. When we had spent ourselves, he told me that the feel of my leather-covered thighs rubbing against his balls added to his enjoyment. We have another date next week. — *Name and address withheld*

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## BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

### Mountain magic

My husband Gib and I were ski-touring through Kosciusko National Park on our honeymoon. We had settled for the night in Valentine Hut. Anyone familiar with the area will know that this hut is renowned for its warmth and cosiness — perfect for what was to follow.

We had often shared fantasies regarding threesomes and had promised each other to indulge should an opportunity arise.

Gib had just cooked us a hearty winter meal. I was clearing up and he had settled himself in front of the fire when two latecomers arrived, interrupting what had looked like being a romantic evening.

The arrivals turned out to be Jo and Sue, two wilderness instructors reviewing the area for future courses. Jo was about 5'6", with long, blonde hair and what looked to be a stunning figure. Sue was slightly smaller, toned and athletic, with brown, shoulder-length hair. Both Gib and I eyed them appreciatively.

With the introductions completed, the girls warmed themselves before the fire and soon shed their Gortex shells. Their figures were all we had hoped for. Thermal undergarments outlined full, high breasts, flat stomachs and toned arses.

A look was passed between Gib and myself, upon which I began to explain that due to our the fact that we were on honeymoon, the girls should expect a restless night's sleep.

"So the fact that we're here wouldn't bother you?" asked Sue inquisitively.

"If it did," Gib replied, "you could always borrow our tent."

Laughing, Jo shook her head and told us to carry on as if they weren't there. Gib took this as permission and approached me from across the room. During the exchange with the girls my pussy had begun to tingle, and as Gib walked towards me I could not believe that my fantasy might soon be fulfilled.

As the girls silently watched, Gib cupped my face and kissed me passionately. One hand stole down my front and unbuttoned my shirt to the waist. I was not wearing a bra and as he freely fingered a nipple, the other hand soon joined the first. He pushed both breasts

together, bent his head and leisurely licked each. My nipples were hard and I moaned for him to suck them. He complied, sucking one and fingering the other, changing breasts when I could take no more.

I stole a glance at the girls. Jo was standing behind Sue with her arms around her. Jo was fingering Sue's nipples through her underwear and caressing her pussy. Sue's pussy juices had soaked through her fluted lace panties. I was just as wet. Gib stripped me of my remaining clothes. He sat me on the table, pushed me back and parted my thighs.

As he started to slide his fingers through my soaked pussy, he asked the girls to join us. As they hurriedly stripped, he ripped his cock out of his clothes. The girls knelt before him and while I watched, they began working on either side of his cock. He grabbed a handful of hair and gave each girl a brief suck of his cock.

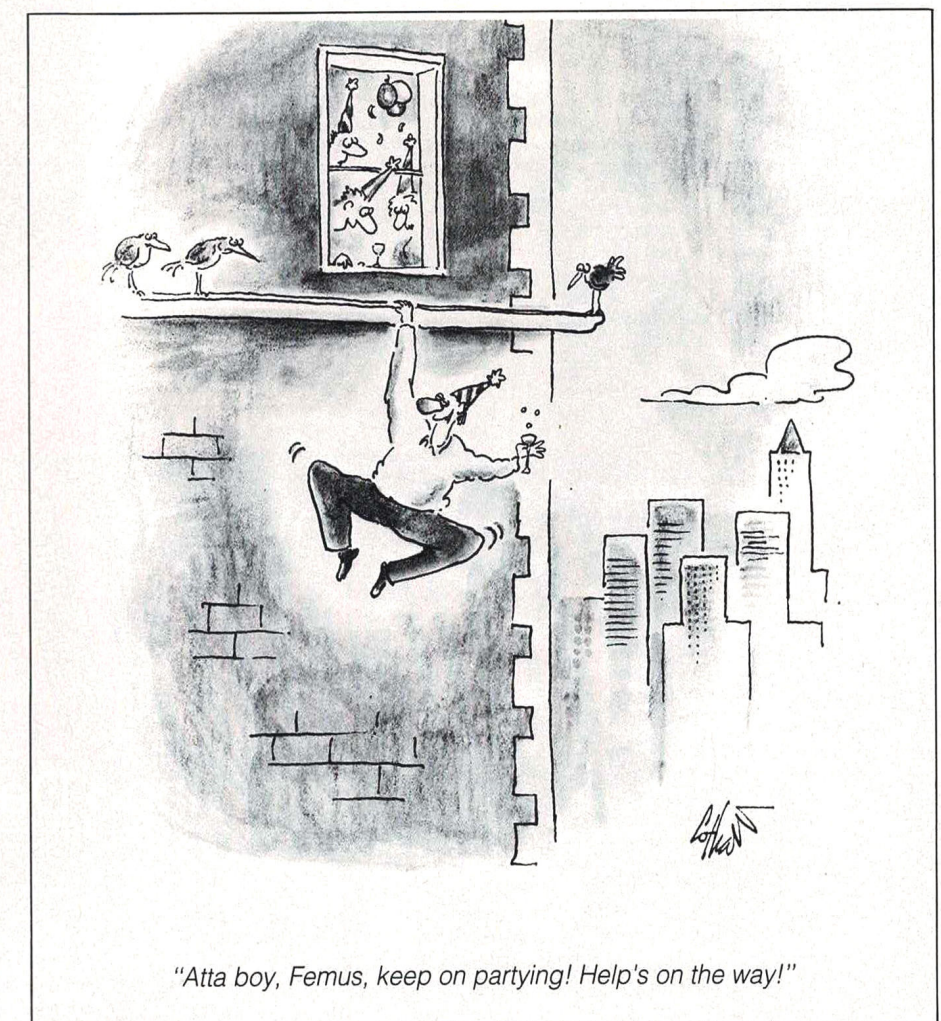
I could take no more, I climbed down from the table, grabbed Jo and pushed her down on to the floor. I spread her legs wide and began working her beautiful pussy with my tongue. I hardly noticed Gib sliding underneath me, until he grabbed my arse in both hands and started to lap at my pussy.

I looked behind me and saw that Sue had crawled over to Gib and was sucking on his cock. Gib was fingering her pussy with a free hand. I returned to the wet cunt

in front of me and the sensation of sucking pussy and being sucked was too beautiful to describe. But Gib was not satisfied. He pushed Sue away and positioned himself behind me. I couldn't believe that at last I was to be rewarded with his cock. My face was smothered in pussy juice and Jo moaned, near climax, as Gib started to ease his cock into the wettest pussy I had ever had. Sue somehow wormed her slender body underneath us, not to work on Gib's cock as I first thought, but to tease my clit with her tongue.

The circle complete, Jo climaxed, bucking wildly. Gib heard her cries, grabbed my hips and slammed into me, momentarily breaking Sue's incredible rhythm. I could not hold out any longer and for the first time I climaxed before he did, my pussy pulsating wildly. This brought Gib to the strongest climax I have ever felt — my pussy could not contain all his come. Exhausted as we were, we broke our position. Sensing Sue's unfulfillment, Jo and I sucked on her nipples while Gib slowly brought her to a climax with his tongue.

The next morning, the girls departed less early than they had hoped. Jo and Sue wherever you are — thank you for such a memorable night and yes, we have briefly mentioned the experience in the Hut logbook. — *Name and address withheld*



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## BLACK LABEL EDITION forum

### Thirst for love

I had not seen my boyfriend for a couple of weeks when he called round at my flat the other day. I was wearing a mini dress with no underwear, as is my habit when the weather is hot. The white cloth showed off my 36-24-36 figure to full advantage, and before long we were kissing hungrily and I felt myself becoming moist in anticipation. Tim was running his hands all over me and pre-orgasmic sensations were rippling through.

I undid his jeans and pushed them and his underpants down so that I could see his cock. It was at half-mast, sticking out horizontally, but as I watched, it grew harder until it was up against his belly and throbbing gently. I took the tip of it into my mouth and carefully licked around the glans. Closing my lips over the head I pushed my tongue out as far as it would go and encircled as much of his cock as I could. At the same time my hands played with his balls which by this time had drawn up close to the base of his penis. Tim was moaning with pleasure and begging me to either make him come or let him fuck me. But I wanted the taste of his come in my mouth, and started to suck him in earnest.

Holding the cheeks of his muscular arse in both hands, I ran my lips up and down the length of his shaft until I could feel his glans right at the back of my mouth. I could sense that he was about to come and slowed the pace down but sucked and licked more vigorously. He tensed up and with a loud grunt he began to ejaculate. His cock swelled up and I could feel the first spurts of semen hit the back of my mouth. I moved my lips off his cock and licked the sperm as it continued to pump out of his jerking shaft. I couldn't believe how much there was – it was pouring out, down his cock, into my mouth, down my chin and landing in gobs on my dress front and my swelling breasts. There was so much that it trickled down between my breasts, over my stomach and into my pubic hair as I knelt in front of him. The heady aroma of his come turned me on even more.

Tim then raised me to my feet and lifted me on to the breakfast bar top. Somehow my dress had hiked up around my hips and I was totally exposed to him. He hoisted my long legs on to his shoulders and then reached for a large pot of natural yoghurt left over from my breakfast. With

my legs almost vertical he poured the yoghurt into my gaping cunt. The cool sensation was really something, but when he bent down to lick my clit I almost went through the roof. My thighs clamped tight around his head and my hands groped for his shoulders to pull his tongue further into me.

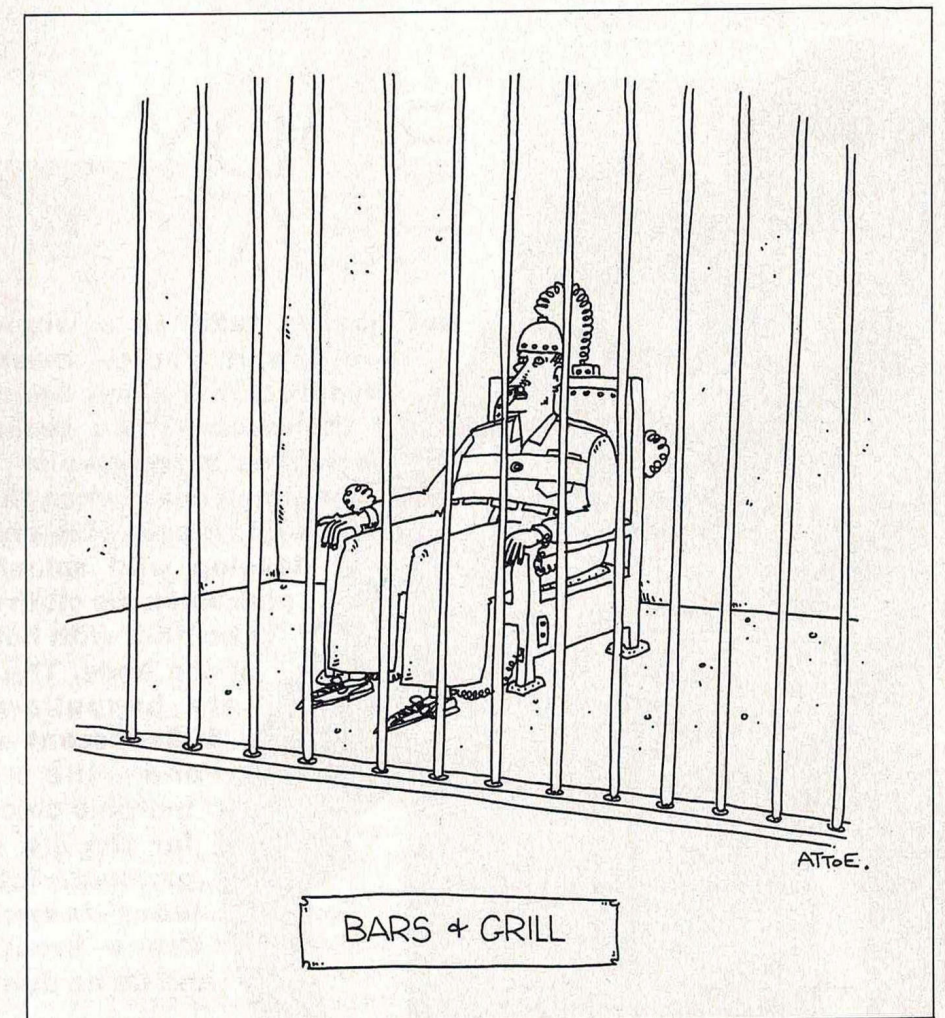
Tim pulled me off the bench and bent me over a kitchen chair. He pushed my dress over my breasts and entered me from behind with his once again rigid cock. He slid right in up to his balls and then took the remainder of the yoghurt and poured it on to my back so that it trickled down the cleft of my arse and around his buried cock. As he moved in and out his shaft made slurpy gushing noises – his prick was like an enormous spoon stirring the broth of our combined juices and the yoghurt. The feeling was incredible, and once more I felt my orgasm building.

But before I could explode, Tim (who is very strong) grasped me under my legs and lifted me up bodily. With his cock still in me he walked over to the wall mirror I have for my ballet. I rested my knees on the bar and with him holding my thighs his cock had ready and deep access to my cunt. Tim really started to fuck me now and in the mirror I could easily see his stiff cock pistoning away. Suddenly I climaxed, and my whole body tensed.

Looking down I could see his balls swaying in his scrotum with the momentum of his fucking. The shaft of his cock was coated with love juice and yoghurt, and a creamy foam had built up around my cunt and was oozing out between my tanned thighs. Tim gasped that he was coming again, and when he did I could see the sperm pumping through the base of his cock as his load spurted deep into my welcoming cunt.

Tim laid me gently on the floor and I leant over his stomach to take his slowly softening shaft into my mouth. The combination of semen, cunt juice and yoghurt was delicious and I lapped it all up, running my tongue down and over his balls which now hung heavy and satiated between his strong hairy thighs. So engrossed with this did I become that I moved over to straddle him in a 69 position, and didn't notice at first the creamy fluid which dripped from my wet cunt on to his chest. But Tim loved it, and soon his tongue was once more buried in my twat as he ate his own come out of me. I was in heaven again as his hands massaged my breasts and played with my taut nipples while his tongue, like a small but nimble penis, thrust again and again into my love hole.

Now that is what fucking and lovemaking is all about. – Name and address withheld





# loose ends

## THE KNIFE

Thirty years ago, the Russians displayed the Swiss Army knife among "CIA equipment" found in Gary Powers' downed U2 spy plane. Today it is displayed in the New York Museum Of Modern Art. The knife, in production since 1884, is carried by astronauts, explorers and about 150 million people worldwide. Swiss Army knives are so well made they are guaranteed for life. You can buy them in leading department stores, speciality knife shops and disposal stores.



## TREES AND SKY

Kims, the exclusive hideaway resort at Toowoong Bay, NSW, has recently completed three additional bungalows.

Each bungalow has its own separate lounge and bedroom, heated saltwater pool, sun deck, double shower and spa. Airy, attractive and elegantly appointed, the bungalows are sited for maximum privacy. Rates range from \$315 per person, which includes three meals a day from Kims renowned kitchen. For bookings, phone (043) 321566.

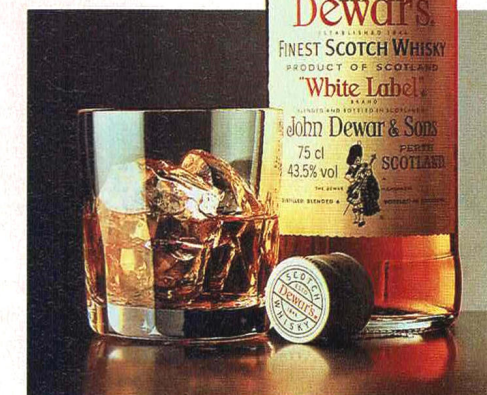
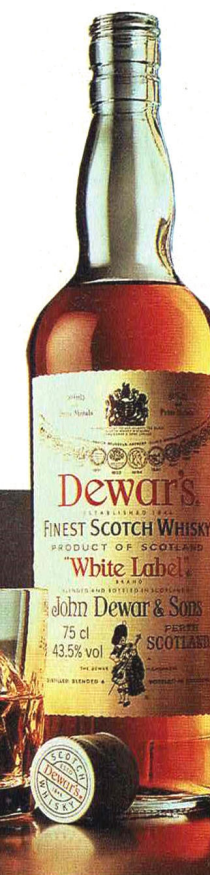


## AND THE WINNERS ARE...

The winners of the Rado Watch Competition featured in the November 1991 issue of *Australian Penthouse* were: C. Bennett, South Grafton, NSW; K.A. Thompson, New Farm, Qld. Each winner receives a superb DiaStar Ceramica watch. Winner of the SEGA Game Gear Competition, also featured in November *Australian Penthouse*, was: W. Golding, Yamba, NSW. Mr Golding receives a sleek Sega Game Gear — a portable game console which converts into a TV set.

## WILLOW AT SEA

If you're up around Port Douglas and feel like a spin on the ocean, look for Willow. She's a beautiful 13-metre timber ketch which can comfortably take 12 guests for daytrips or six overnight. Willow hosts groups for diving, snorkelling, fishing, photography or just sunbaking and relaxing. To book direct, ring (018) 77 2479.



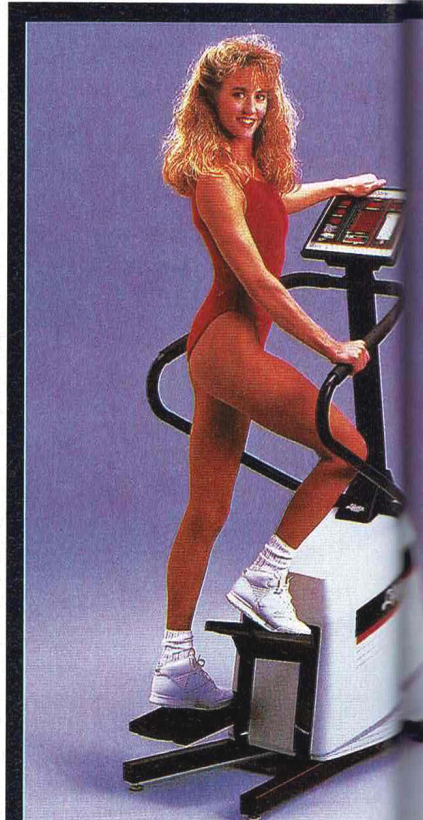
## A CERTAIN STYLE

Dewar's has a certain style which appeals to those who prefer something a little different to mainstream Scotches. It's a complex blend of more than 40 fine Scotch whiskies, including some subtle and delicate lowland malts. Its slightly smoky aroma, delicate malt flavor and dry, clean finish is highly regarded by connoisseurs. "And he only drinks Dewar's" captures the independent nature of the Dewar's drinker. Equally appropriate is: "And she only drinks Dewar's", as the light blend is perfectly suited to your lady's taste.



## BODY HEAT

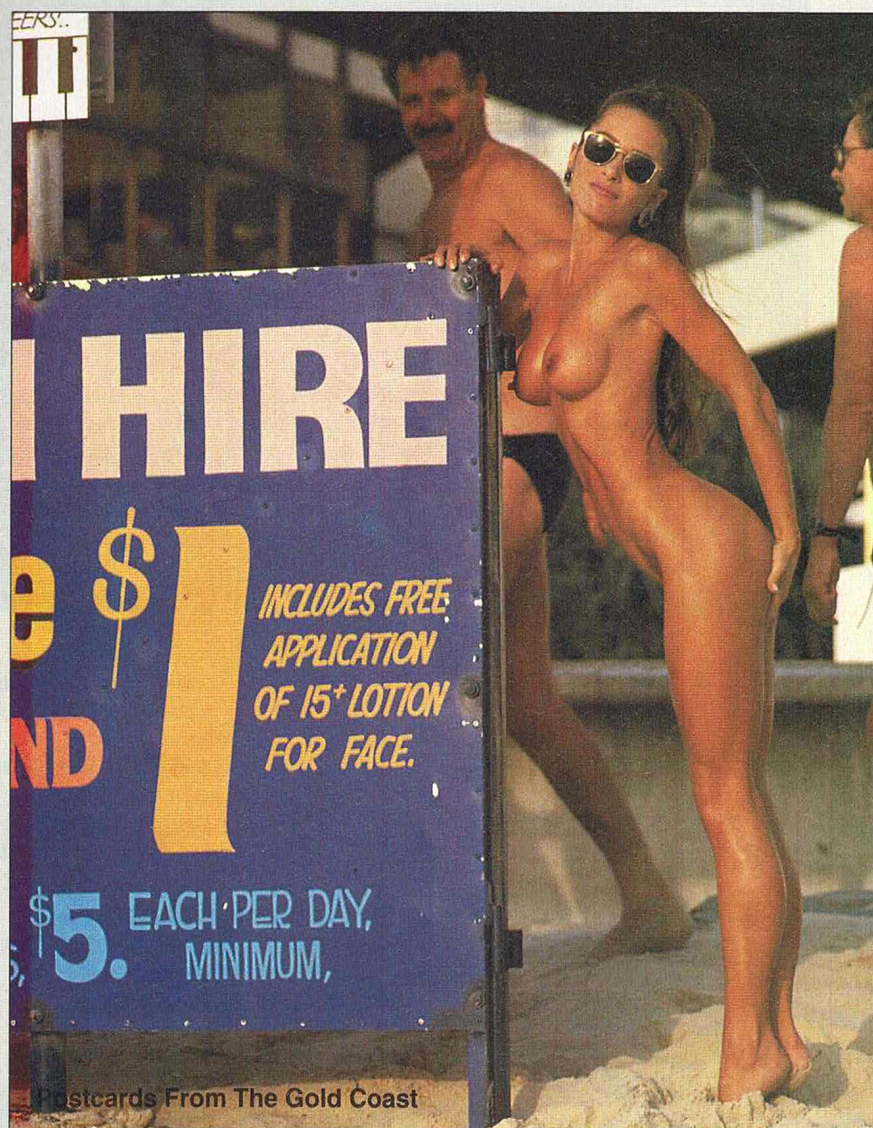
Hot flushes take on a whole new meaning if you're wearing a Hypercolor T-shirt. Space-age thermochromatic technology makes a Hypercolor T-shirt change color when the heat is on. A pale blue shirt will develop wild splashes of pink when the cloth comes in contact with hot parts of the body. The shirts are hypoallergenic, 100 percent cotton and the metamorphic color lasts for the life of the garment. RRP \$35 from JeansWest, Grace Bros, Myer and David Jones.



## STEP UP

Body Mechanics has come up with another technological breakthrough in fitness: the Lifestep 5500. Stair-climbing develops fitness level, shapely legs and a firm arse. The Lifestep 5500 includes a variety of computer programs to keep track of your fitness, calories burned, floors climbed and work-out level. You can buy the Lifestep 5500 for as little as \$30 a week. Call Body Mechanics on (02) 906 211 or toll-free on (008) 257 119.





## INSIDE APRIL AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

**Kennedy Theory Fever** — Who killed JFK? Twenty-nine years after the 35th President of the United States was assassinated in downtown Dallas, Kennedy killing conspiracy theories are still spinning at full force. Did Lee Harvey Oswald fire the fatal shot? Or was the assassination masterminded by the Mafia, Castro, the FBI or the CIA? Next month's *Penthouse* presents a comprehensive conspiracy guide — the suspects, the factions and the motives which will help you make up your mind.

**Mum's The Word** — When concern is expressed on the subject of incest, it is usually father/daughter relations which are the focus of attention. April *Australian Penthouse* lifts the veil on the other side of the incest coin - mother/son sexual intercourse. It's more prevalent than many people think, a serious social problem with lasting implications for its male victims. Read their case studies in next month's shocking expose.

**Awful Ads** — Which terrible television commercial do you hate most? Is it a sickeningly euphemistic ad for a feminine hygiene product? Thirty seconds of bullshit in which a bank tries to convince you of its selfless benevolence? Or a hysterical hick frontman selling cut-price crap after midnight? Don't miss this hilarious list of crimes against culture in April *Australian Penthouse*.

**Postcards From The Gold Coast** — The Gold Coast never looked as good as it does in next month's magazine when we take you on an erotic guided tour of Australia's tourist capital with local resident Jody Boyce. Check out Jody's daring poses in public in next month's edition of Australia's top-selling monthly men's magazine.

## nbdy crs

Continued from page 80

You Are.

"Claire," she said.

"Noakes."

"That's the whole thing?"

"We were a poor family. Mum and Dad could only afford one name each for us kids."

"Oh, *Australian*. I should have known. What are you doing in this town?"

"It's a long story made no less sordid by its familiarity. Let's leave it for another time."

The nice man at the piano started to play *Every Time We Say Goodbye*.

"There's no love song finer . . ." she sang. "But how strange the change . . ." We harmonised on "From major to minor." She did it better than me, her soft soprano clear and close, so that I felt the vibrato deep in my head.

"Fish got to swim, birds got to fly," she purred. "I got to love one man till I die." She put her arms around me and hugged me tight. "Why didn't I meet you years ago, Noakes?"

When I came down in the morning, Pixie was waiting in the lobby, leafing irritatedly through *Interviews*.

"I've been waiting an hour. Are we getting this plane or not?"

"It doesn't leave until noon. What's your hurry?" I looked out at Sunset. The sun was blazing. As the parking attendants stood gossiping under the portico, a Bently pulled in and Michael Caine got out.

"Look," I said. "Sunshine. Film Stars!"

"I've seen sunshine. And all the film stars I know are either poofers or coke freaks. Why are you so cheerful this morning?"

"Love walked right in and drove the shadows away," I said. I walked over to the desk and asked the clerk: "What's the number of Miss Claire Parker's room?"

He looked down at his computer screen. "Miss Parker checked out, sire."

"Checked out? Before ten?"

"Yes, sire." His glance was discreetly amused. "You're Mr Noakes? I believe she left a note."

The hand-made paper was familiar. So was the falcon emblem at the top of the paper.

"To Services of Ms Claire Parker for one night. \$2,500."

Across it, Ariel Liston had carefully written: "COMPLIMENTS OF THE MANAGEMENT." And on the next line, "NBDY CRS."

I crumpled the note and dropped it on to the desk.

"Let's get going," I said to Pixie. We walked out into the heat. Funny, I wasn't afraid of flying any more. ☐



## GSX-R750W THE NEXT GENERATION!

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The GSX-R750W is built to symbolise Suzuki's commitment to one ideal; the efficient application of racing technology to street bikes.

At the heart of the matter is an all-new liquid cooled engine.

Measuring an impossible 433mm wide, it is narrower than a conventional 4-cylinder 400cc powerplant. This compact design allows the engine to be ideally positioned in the new computer-designed chassis. With new inverted forks, new swingarm design, new rear suspension and an astonishing lean angle, the GSX-R legend goes further ahead.

Experience the culmination of seven years of racing development in one amazing machine.

The next generation is here.

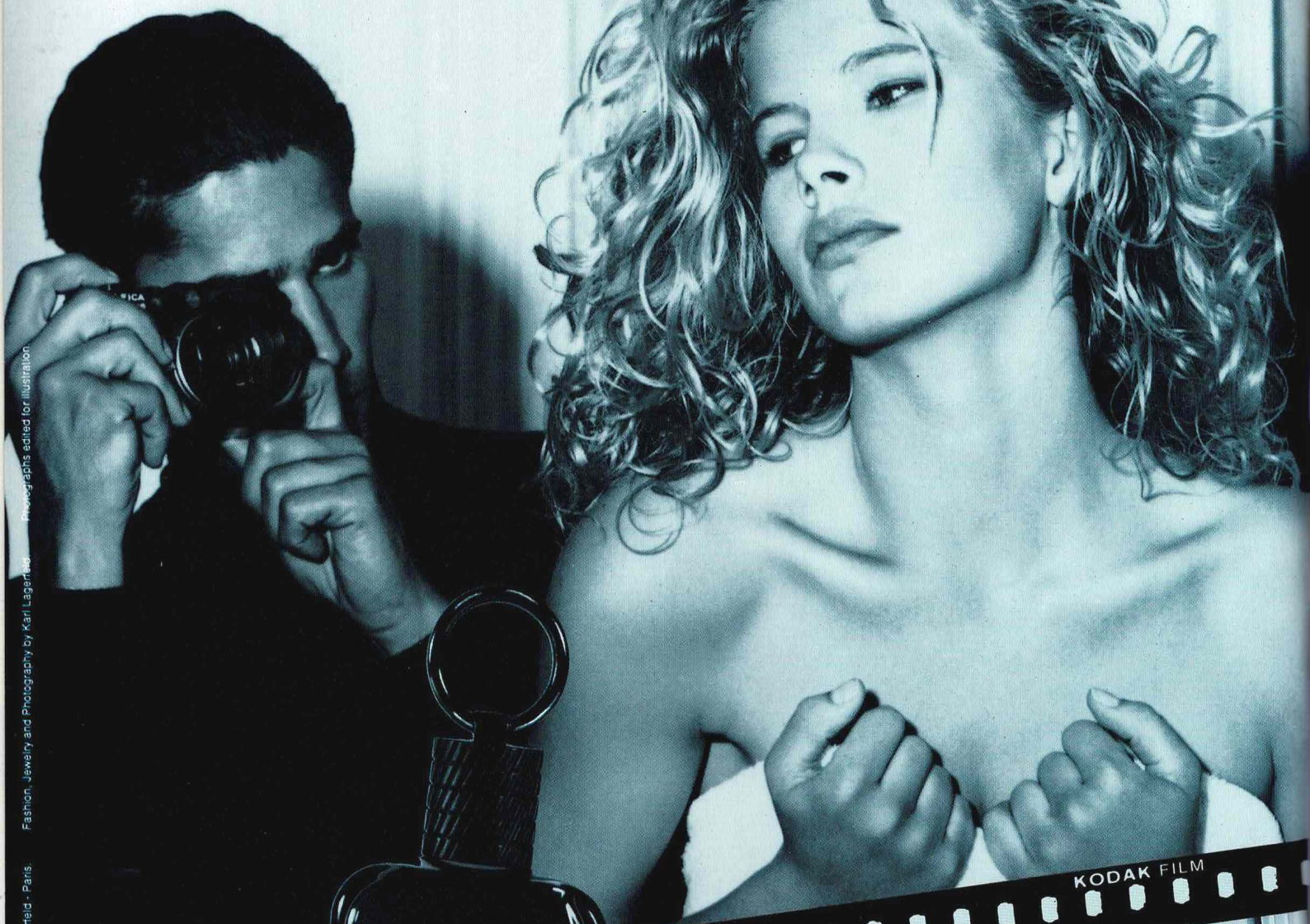


Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "Ride It Right" campaign.

- Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing.
- Please read your Owner's Manual carefully.
- Enjoy safe riding.



*The Sexy new men's fragrance*



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